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REVIEWS.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION.

The Making of Religion. By Andrew Lang, M.A., LL.D., St. Andrews. (Longmans & Co.)

M R. LANG, like the British Empire, has often a little skirmish on hand. At varying intervals he has, among other controversies, brought his dialectic skill into effective play against the solar theory of interpretation of myth and legend. The expounders of that theory, having satisfied themselves that the names of the chief characters in "Aryan" mythology were equations of names of the sun, the dawn, and so forth, contended that every god and hero was a personification of the sunshine or the weather. But, passing from shaky etymologies to stable ideas, Mr. Lang brought the "Aryan" myths into comparison with those of barbaric peoples, and demonstrated what common elements entered into their structure. The correspondences between them evidenced that man, at the levels of culture, explains the phenomena in much the same way, and warranted the inference that the mythologies of civilised races are survivals of a stage in their development when the forefathers of Greeks and Hindus were on the level of Australian black fellows and bushmen.

The solar mythologists being put *hors de combat*, Mr. Lang turns his light artillery on the animistic school of anthropologists, and attacks its theories of the origin of belief in God and the soul as based on methods not only defective in principle, but undermined by recent evidence collected from savage sources. The

"result is to indicate that the belief in the Soul is supported by facts which Materialism cannot explain. The belief in God, again, far from being evolved out of the worship of ghosts, is proved to occur where ghosts are not yet worshipped."

As is well known, Prof. Tyler traces the origin of the belief in the soul and a future life to animistic conceptions, of which dreams, hallucinations, and allied phenomena supply the material, while the origin of belief in an ascending series of

spiritual beings is referred to conceptions accrediting all phenomena with life and personality. Mr. Herbert Spencer rejects the evidence of attribution of life to inanimate things as inconclusive, and finds in the cult of deceased ancestors sufficing factors for the evolution of gods from the lowest to the highest rank. In the words of one of his most ardent adherents, Mr. Grant Allen (to whose *Evolution of the Idea of God* Mr. Lang makes the barest reference) "corpse-worship is the germ-plasm of religion." Enlarging on topics already dealt with in more fugitive form in *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, and kindred work, Mr. Lang adduces a considerable body of evidence as to the occurrence of visions and hallucinations among savages, and compares it with the evidence furnished by "living and educated civilised men." Savages can hypnotise one another; they are asserted to have coincidental hallucinations; and long before the Society for Psychical Research offered crystal balls for sale at three shillings upwards, the "poor Indian" saw "apparitions not attainable through the normal channels of sense" by gazing into smooth water or polished stones. Well, asks Mr. Lang, instead of dismissing with scorn this corroborative evidence as part and parcel of spiritualism, "a word of the worst associations, inextricably entangled with fraud, bad logic, and the blindest credulity," why do not the anthropologists accord it a hearing as bearing on "supernormal phenomena" which, possibly, may have validity, and therefore can impregnably witness to the existence of the soul? So far as any "general confession" can be gleaned from Mr. Lang's admissions, he appears satisfied as to the objective character of these phenomena. His old hesitation as to the validity of thought-transference has vanished, and he gives reasons for the faith that is in him in examples of telepathy among both Zulus and Englishmen, while a reference to "telepathic crystal-gazing" indicates that he puts the two on a common plane. We do not deny that the anthropologists might have suffered with more gladness the bearers of such testimony as is imported into a book on the "making of religion," but, finding in hallucinations—"the main trunk of our psychical existence," as Dr. Dessori calls them—a sufficing factor of barbaric psychology, we think that they are not to be reproached for not treating seriously a mass of evidence which, where it has been possible to sift it, has failed to secure a unanimous verdict. Man's intellectual history is the history of his tardy escape from the illusions of the senses, whether they report the revolution of the sun round the earth or the existence of spooks. And that freedom has been won only by the barest minority among even so-called civilised peoples, so that in place of seeing in the multitude of examples of concordant hallucinations cumulative evidence of the existence of "genuine by-products of human faculty," we see the persistence of ideas which prevail in the degree that empirical theories of human nature survive. With the unexpected periodically revealing itself—as, e.g., in Rontgen Rays and the constitution of matter—the lesson against assumption

of limitations is ever being taught, but no less binding is the duty of satisfying ourselves that all possible causes of error are eliminated before we endorse theories of the validity of phenomena which defy all known modes of energy in the cosmos, and add only to the inane gossip of the day. Knowing what tricks the subconscious self plays, and in what subtle ways matters unconsciously acquired lodge themselves among the three thousand million cells of the brain, leaping, seemingly unbidden, into activity as information newly gained from mysterious sources, hesitancy in following him will command the sympathy of one who himself shrinks from making the passage from belief in telepathy to belief in communications from a spirit world. As the French proverb has it, "He who says A must say B," and Mr. Lang's attitude puzzles us; perchance it puzzles himself. He asks permission to cite, as testimony of the highest importance, the opinion of M. Charles Richet, Professor of Physiology in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, that "there exists in certain persons, at certain moments, a faculty of acquiring knowledge which has no rapport with our normal faculties of that kind." We may also be permitted to refer to this same M. Richet as a member of the company of experts in psychical research whom the Neapolitan medium, Eusapia Palladino, befooled, while, as showing what unanimity exists among those who regard Mr. Lang as an "effective ally," we have Dr. Hodgson, who detected the trickery of Eusapia, confessing his full belief in the "trances" of Mrs. Piper, which Prof. MacAlister denounces as a sorry imposture. When Mr. Lang's friends have arrived at some common agreement as to what "supernormal phenomena" are frauds and what are genuine, there will be better warrant for his criticism of the anthropological method.

In the second part of his book, Mr. Lang comes to close quarters with Prof. Tylor and Mr. Herbert Spencer. As the leading representatives of the animistic school, he asks them:

"Having got your idea of spirit or soul out of the idea of ghosts, and having got your idea of ghosts out of dreams and visions, how do you get at the idea of God? Now by 'God'—the proverbial 'plain man' of controversy, means a primal eternal Being, author of all things, the Father and Friend of man, the invisible, omniscient guardian of morality.

Having got your idea of spirit into the savage's mind, how does he develop out of it what I call God? God cannot be a reflection from human kings where there are no kings; nor president elected out of a polytheistic society of gods where there is as yet no polytheism; nor an ideal first ancestor where men do not worship their ancestors; while, again, the spirit of a man who died, real or ideal, does not answer to the usual savage conception of the Creator. All this will become much more obvious as we study in detail the highest gods of the lowest races."

Here we have an element of freshness imported into the controversy, which is a welcome change from wraiths and mediums, while the facts which Mr. Lang submits should lead to searchings of heart and scrutiny of documents among the advocates of the ghost-theory of deity. From

materials furnished by savage hymns and ancient and secret tribal mysteries there is producible a mass of evidence as to the conception of a group of relatively Supreme Beings : " eternal not ourselves that make for righteousness." Caqn among the Bushmen, Mtanga among the Yao, Ndengei among the Fijians, Ti-ra-wá among the Red Indians, Darumulum and Pund-jel among the Australian aborigines — are representative of moral gods of savage tribes which, there is good reason for assuming, had long escaped the infiltration of Christian and Mohammedan ideas. These high gods are defined as "deathless beings" rather than "spirits," because belief in them is not derived from the theory of ghosts or souls at all. These "Ancient Ones" and "Fathers" dwell in the heavens which they have made; they rule the lives of men, and are prompt to punish breach of their commands, among which unselfishness has chief place, although, descending more to detail, adultery and bad carving of meat are an offence to the Andamanese Puluga! Under cover of names conveying—if correctly translated—surprising philosophical conceptions of deity, there are, as in the Dinka god Dendid, which means "great rain," are indications warranting the assumption that these "makers" are nature-gods, with tribal ethics superadded. Man, says Goethe, never knows how anthropomorphic he is, and the quality of unselfishness as a leading moral attribute of savage high gods on which Mr. Lang lays stress is essentially of social origin, arising in emotions stimulated by human relations, and strengthened by conditions enforcing self-repression and self-regardlessness on each member of the community. As for conceptions of the gods themselves, given the attainment of a certain, and that no very advanced, intellectual stage, there follow peculiarities as to the whence of things, the wonder aroused by them in the degree that they are unknown, and that tendency to personify forces, which, together, are sufficing factors for those conceptions. On this view of the matter there is little of novelty in Mr. Lang's argument, but there is opportune re-statement in an effective way, and with cogent examples, of the case against ancestor worship as the sole origin of the god idea. These high gods, however, have a short-lived career so far as their connexion with mortals goes. The fact that they are not regarded as spirits relegates them to an order of being wholly detached from men's "businesses and bosoms." Hence, as religions reflect social stages, we find these *divis majores* superseded by departmental, tribal, and family gods, a process which—as shown in the "Essay on the Religion of a Hindu Province," in Sir Alfred Lyall's remarkable *Asiatic Studies*, is in operation in every Indian village to-day. Mr. Lang skilfully elaborates this fact, showing that the "first advance in culture necessarily introduces a religious degradation," which may be taken as the anthropological equivalent of the doctrine of the Fall, the Supreme God, needing neither temple nor priest to serve or sacrifice therein, takes a back seat, and becomes *roi fainéant*, or, like the Fijian

Ndengei, "is mythically lodged in a serpent's body, and reduced to a jest." As Mr. Lang quaintly puts it, "there is no money in him" to support a sacerdotal caste whose fees and reputation depend on squaring the word of hungry ghost god-beings, and on slaking with bloody offerings the thirst of the world's Molochs, "whose best excuse is that they do not exist." If, therefore, the great gods are fading abstractions, reigning but not resting, only the swarm of "deities who abhor a fly's death or who delight in human victims" being operative on the life of man, it would seem that Mr. Lang makes "much ado about nothing."

How keenly alive to the complexity of the problem of the origin of religion the author of a volume that is interesting from cover to cover shows himself is seen in the remark that "finding among the lowest savages all the elements of all religions already developed in different degrees, we cannot, historically, say that one is earlier than another." Mr. Lang, therefore, is careful to disclaim belief in "primitive monotheism," but in so far as the savage moral-god theory disturbs his equilibrium he inclines to suggest an explanation which creates more difficulties than it solves to the religion of Israel. Jehovah is for him, and here we are in full agreement, no ghost-begotten god, and the stages of Israel's degradation are but temporary eclipses of a moral glory which the Prophets restored, and which, "blended with the doctrine of our Lord, enlightened the world." This is but one of several implications of the special mission of Israel, and of the Divine origin of Christianity, scattered through the book which cannot be dealt with here. It suffices to say that the evidence as to the validity of hallucinations summarised in the first section of the volume does not seem to us to warrant Mr. Lang's strictures on anthropological treatment of that evidence, and that in the second portion he has exposed vulnerable points in the theory which finds its most biased advocates in Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Grant Allen.

EDWARD CLODD.

for it is safe to say that we are, in a sense, nearer to classic Greece and Rome than to the America that existed in Woolman's lifetime (1720-1773). He belonged to a district famed for its Quaker settlements. He lived, to borrow the words of Longfellow,

" In that delightful land which is washed by
the Delaware water
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn
the apostle."

The delightfulness of it is not emphasised in the slight biography that we can piece together. Woolman travailed under a deep sense of the world's sorrow, and his own circumstances were generally stern and narrow. As will be seen, this was his own choice: he was born into poverty, and deliberately chose to remain poor when the tide offered to lead on to fortune. The interest of his life does not lie in that, but in its inner struggles. It is necessary to remember that in the middle of the eighteenth century a poor Quaker lad knew nothing of the doubts that have sapped the vital religious beliefs of this generation. You cannot get his equation without understanding that his ideas of a just and omnipotent God and the immortality of his own soul were positive and unshakable; but, on the other hand, his character was so gentle and sweet, love was so absolutely his preponderating quality, that it was impossible for fervour to change into fanaticism. His weapons were those of kindness and persuasion; he was not of the tribe of John Knox, but of St. Francis of Assisi. He reminds one of the timid, shrinking early Christians, so easily guided, so adaptable in unessentials, but disclosing the temper of steel when called upon to suffer for their principles or forsake them; and it is this revelation of strength and goodness in the depths of human nature that gladdens and consoles even those who regard as nursery tales and mere legends much that the martyr has died for. The awakening of his conscience, his conception of holiness and how he tried to attain to it—these are what engage our attention in the *Journal*. It is written, let us add, in a meditative rather than a preaching vein.

Woolman's spiritual life began in earnest on a certain day in 1742. He was at the time shop-tender and book-keeper to a man owning a store at Mount Holly—a small village standing on one of the Delaware's tributaries. The young man was a servant hired by the year and very poor. Whittier describes the cottage he lived in as small and plain—"not painted, but white-washed." In front, however, was the garden with its "nursery of apple-trees" which he tended himself, ever loving "the sweet employment of husbandry." At that time the Quakers were just beginning to feel a preliminary uneasiness in regard to the practice of slave-keeping. The violent little hunchback Benjamin Day had probably even then (and in the hearing of Woolman) begun to lift up his angry voice. It happened, then, that Woolman's master asked him to make out a bill of sale of a negro woman for whom he had found a purchaser. He recollects that he owed a duty of obedience, and "it was an elderly man, a

A BOOK FOR THE HEART.

The Journal of John Woolman. (Melrose.)

THIS volume is to be numbered among those that claim a welcome because they are utterly opposed to the spirit of the time, and because they afford rest and relief from the pressure and clamour of ordinary life. It was highly prized in the early part of the century by Coleridge, Lamb, Edward Irving, and other leaders of thought. Later, although Elia's references kept it in the remembrance of curious book-lovers, it fell into complete oblivion as far as the general public was concerned. We cannot help wondering if, in the attractive form now bestowed on it, the *Journal* will attract the attention it assuredly merits.

To some extent, perhaps, its remote environment may prove an obstacle to readers,

member of our Society, who bought her," and so

"through weakness I gave way and wrote it; but at the executing of it I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the Friend that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion."

Whenever his scruples were aroused they quickly gained force. Henceforward he was to be a steady opponent of slavery. With an exquisite simplicity he intersperses his account of religious work with brief paragraphs about his worldly concerns. Was ever the romance of love condensed to a shape akin to this :

"About this time, believing it good for me to settle, and thinking seriously about a companion, my heart was turned to the Lord with desires that He would give me wisdom to proceed therein agreeably to His will, and He was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel, Sarah Ellis, to whom I was married the 18th of eighth month, 1749."

Except that he preserved one letter to his wife, there is nothing more said about this "well-inclined damsel." In the same brief way he tells of the death of his father, which took place in the following year. "I reckon Sister Anne was free to leave this world," the old man said; and on receiving an affirmative answer, "I also am free to leave it," he added. One does not wonder that Charles Lamb commanded us "to love the early Quakers."

His unworldliness and freedom from the self-aggrandising ambition that besets most of us made him take a step that was indeed accordant with the maxims of Christ, but very much out of keeping with the ordinary practice of men. Let him tell what it was in his own words :

"The increase of business became my burden, for though my natural inclination was toward merchandise, yet I believed truth required me to live more free from outward cumber; and there was now a strife in my mind between the two. In this exercise my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and gave me a heart resigned to His holy will. Then I lessened my outward business, and, as I had opportunity, told my customers of my intentions, that they might consider what shop to turn to; and in a while I wholly laid down merchandise and followed my trade as a tailor by myself, having no apprentice."

It was eminently characteristic that he put aside the love of riches without railing against that Mammon worship which has come to be the greatest weakness of his fellow-citizens in the land of the Almighty Dollar. This, too, was before the phalansterist, and Thoreau had made their protest against the same vice. His was not the spirit of the modern Socialist, who, as a rule, takes as much as he can himself and bitterly assails those who have more. It was an outcome of that same human characteristic which has given us ascetics and anchorites and bare-footed friars within the Christian pale, and yoga and dervish and tattered sage without it. Above all, it was the teaching of Him who commanded His disciples to "take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread, neither money"; an outcome of those

moments of intense and passionate devotion when, again to quote his own language,

"in bowedness of spirit I have been drawn into retired places, and have besought the Lord with tears that he would take me wholly under His direction and show me the path in which I ought to walk."

One of his minor—we had almost written trivial—struggles illustrates at once his fastidiousness, cleanliness of person, and the rigour of the cleansing powers applied to his mind. It ended in his determination to wear no hat or garment that was not of a natural colour—firstly, because dye was hurtful in itself; and secondly, because the practice and that of "wearing more clothes in summer than are useful" have not "their foundation in pure wisdom." Withal there was nothing of the mendicant in his disposition. He feared that the effect of taking gifts, even of food and lodging, would be hurtful to his soul, and so, proud yet humble, poor yet independent, we can easily picture him in that semi-wild Pennsylvania of 1760 tramping on foot many a hundred of miles wherever a "motion of love" guided him, stopping on his way to preach the Gospel, or to plead the cause of the negro, often because he had a chance of being kind to some poor slave; meditating in his hours of loneliness on new openings for acts of goodness or inwardly debating some nice point of conduct, such as whether it were justifiable in a Quaker to pay the war-tax at that time being imposed. As rulers have found out before now, a well-developed conscience makes a difficult citizen. You cannot order about a community of Woolmans as if they were mere items in a Parliamentary majority. In these journeys he often met tribes of Indians, and was moved with compassion for them also. But we must hasten over his graphic account of the Wyoming nomads and his visit to the Indian town of Wehaloosing on the Susquehanna, noting only a pregnant remark by the chief Papunehany, "I love to feel where words come from."

The last scene of his life took place in England, where he came to visit some Friends in Yorkshire. On the way he grew interested in the common Jack Tars of his time, and he places them and their miseries before us as vividly as the negroes and Indians. At London the wretched, ill-dressed wanderer excited suspicion at the Quaker meeting to which he made his way. Some one (we are told in an editorial note) was unkind enough to suggest his return to America. He was profoundly affected, and his tears flowed freely, but replied with rare wisdom and independence: "He could not go back as had been suggested; but he was acquainted with a mechanical trade, and while the impediment to his services continued, he hoped the Friends would be kindly willing to employ him in such business as he was capable of that he might not be chargeable to any."

All who are interested in the condition of England in 1772 will do well to con the history of his tour; it sets before us with the power of truth the strong, vital, energetic country with its go-ahead merchants and nobles, its wretched peasants and labourers.

It was an era of dear and scarce food. "Great numbers of poor people live chiefly on bread and water in the southern parts of England as well as in the northern parts, and there are many poor children not even taught to read." But a scrap like that hardly suggests the wealth of detail from which it is taken. His conscience would not let him use a stage-coach because the system was cruel to post-boys and horses: probably he saw all the more from travelling on foot. He caught small-pox and died at York in the fifty-second year of his age.

Such, in brief outline, was the career of John Woolman, out of whose life-experience this little book is made. It emphatically deserves the eulogy of Charles Lamb, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," for, like Abou Ben Adhem, "he loved his fellow men." To saturate the mind with the best of your own time is good, the best poetry, the best fiction, the best thought of every kind; yet it is also wise and wholesome to withdraw at intervals from your contemporaries, and look for solace and consolation to the devout of other days: to go to Woolman as you go to Thomas à Kempis. The *Journal* is not for common use, but in certain moods it will yield the pleasure so well described by the poet :

"And her ear was pleased with the Thee and
Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian
country
Where all men were equal and all were
brothers and sisters."

TWO NOVELIST-POETS.

Songs of Action. By A. Conan Doyle.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

Some Later Verses. By Bret Harte. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. BRET HARTE—the author of "Thompson of Angel's," and "John Burns of Gettysburg," and "Jim," and "In the Tunnel," and "The Society upon the Stanislaus," and much else that is memorable—is an old poetical hand; but this is Mr. Conan Doyle's first volume of verse. Let us then begin with Mr. Conan Doyle.

Readers of *Micah Clarke* who remember "The Song of the Bow," readers of *The White Company* who remember "The Franklin's Maid," and readers of *Cornhill* and certain other periodicals, are aware that Mr. Conan Doyle has rhyming skill and vigour. He has no magic, no subtle mastery of words; he is not a poet, nor does he even command that verbal cunning which passes for poetry; but he sings of brave things like a brave man. Hunting and fighting, golf and racing—these are Mr. Doyle's subjects; and at the back of all his verse—with one deplorable exception—is buoyant masculinity. Where he comes into direct competition with certain predecessors—Mr. Kipling, for example, and the late Egerton Warburton—we cannot consider Mr. Doyle's efforts first rate, although the "Song of the Ranks," albeit mechanical, is good

reading; but here and there, on his own ground, he reaches a high level. "The Groom's Story" is an instance. Readers of the ACADEMY may remember this diverting ballad of a runaway motor-car, for we quoted freely from it a few weeks ago on the occasion of its appearance in *Cornhill*; well, in this piece Mr. Doyle stands alone and need fear no one. Similarly, in the ballad entitled "Ware Holes!" he does his own sterling work. A groom is again the narrator, and the story tells of a famous run in Sussex with the foxhounds, and of a strange "gent" from London way. No one knew who he was, but

"e'ad gone amazin' fine,
Two 'undred pounds between 'is knees;
Eight stone he was, an' rode at nine,
As light an' limber as you please."

The run was long and fierce, and the gent led the field. At last

"They seed the 'ounds upon the scent
But found a fence across their track,
And 'ad to fly it; else it meant
A turnin' and a 'arkin' back.
'E was the foremost at the fence,
And as 'is mare just cleared the rail,
He turned to them that rode be'ind,
For three was at 'is very tail.
"Ware 'oles!" says 'e, an' with the word,
Still sittin' easy on his mare,
Down, down 'e went, an' down and down,
Into the quarry yawnin' there.
Some say it was two 'undred foot;
The bottom lay as black as ink.
I guess they 'ad some ugly dreams
Who reined their 'orses on the brink.
'E d'only time for that one cry;
"Ware 'oles!" says 'e, an' saves all three.
There may be better deaths to die,
But that one's good enough for me.
For, mind you, 'twas a sportin' end,
Upon a right good sportin' day;
They think a deal of 'im down 'ere.
That gent what came from London way."

Those two last lines are exactly right, an inspiration.

On a much lower plane, pleasant and gay though they be, are the hunting songs, of which "The Old Gray Fox" is a favourable specimen :

"We started from the Valley Pride,
And Farnham way we went.
We waited at the cover-side,
But never found a scent.
Then we tried the withy beds
Which grow by Freshham town,
And there we found the old gray fox,
The same old fox,
The game old fox;
Yes, there we found the old gray fox,
Which lives on Hankley Down.

So here's to the master,
And here's to the man!
And here's to twenty couple
Of the white and black-and-tan!
Here's a find without a wait!
Here's a hedge without a gate!
Here's the man who follows straight
Where the old fox ran!"

That is good stuff for a hunting supper, but a thought too facile; and the same may be said of several others of Mr. Conan Doyle's songs. But the notable weakness of the book is "The Passing." This egregious poem tells how a "dear dead girl"

came to the bedside of her lover, and spoke thus to him :

" You said that you would come,
You promised not to stay;
And I have waited here,
To help you on the way.
I have waited on,
But still you bide below;
You said that you would come,
And, oh, I want you so!"

And so on. She then drew his attention to the "triple key" on his dressing-table, which can unlock the gate between them. The triple key is a pistol, a hunting knife, and a bottle of poison, which should be enough for any gentleman's suicide. The lover forthwith shot himself with the pistol, and joined the girl, "as in the days of old." The girl was charmed. She exclaimed :

" The key is very certain;
The door is sealed to none.
You did it, oh, my darling!
And you never knew it done;"

and then entered into an account of the new life and its conditions :

" There's not a trick of body,
There's not a trait of mind,
But you bring it up with you,
Ethereal, refined.
But still the same; for surely
If we alter as we die,
You would be you no longer,
And I would not be I.
I might be an angel,
But not the girl you knew;
You might be immaculate,
But that would not be you."

And, in the end,

" with hands together,
And fingers twining tight,
The two dead lovers drifted
In the golden morning light."

Such is "The Passing"—"the right butter-woman's rank to market"; and where Mr. Conan Doyle's sense of humour was when he wrote it we offer no opinion.

Let us turn again to his virile "Song of the Bow" for relief :

" What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows.
So men who are free
Love the old yew-tree,
And the land where the yew-tree grows.
* * * * *
What of the mark?
Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark,
Is waiting over-sea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be."

This is Mr. Conan Doyle as we prefer to leave him and think of him.

One chief cause of gratitude for Mr. Bret Harte's new volume of verse is that it gives further glimpses of Truthful James and Brown of Calaveras, particularly Brown of Calaveras. We have always felt that more information concerning Mr. Brown was due:

" He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown;
And on several occasions he had cleaned out
the town."

That statement, it has seemed to us, needed expansion. When and how did Mr. Brown perform his municipal cleansing? We are entitled to know. Meanwhile, although these particular feats are not described, Mr. Brown becomes again a prominent figure. At Angel's, it appears, a spelling-bee was once held. It happened thus :

" There was Poker Dick from Whisky Flat,
And Smith of Shooter's Bend,
And Brown of Calaveras—which I want no
better friend;
Three-fingered Jack—yes, pretty dears, three
fingers—you have five.
Clapp cut off two—it's sing'lar, too, that
Clapp ain't now alive.
'Twas very wrong indeed, my dears, and
Clapp was much to blame;
Likewise was Jack, in after years, for
shootin' of the same."

The nights was kinder lengthenin' out, the
rains had just begun,
When all the camp came up to Pete's to
have their usual fun;
But we all sat kinder sad-like around the
bar-room stove
Till Smith got up, permiskiss-like, and this
remark he hove:
'Thar's a new game down in 'Frisco, that ez
far ez I can see
Beats euchre, poker, and van-toon, they calls
it "Spelling Bee."

Then Brown of Calaveras simply hitched his
chair and spake,
'Poker is good enough for me'; and Lanky
Jim sez 'Shake!'
And Joe allowed he wasn't proud, but he
must say right that
That the man who tackled euchre hed his
education squar.
This brought up Lenny Fairchild, the school-
master, who said
He knew the game, and he would give in-
structions on that head."

The competition then began. The first word was "separate." Then came "parallel," which Pistol Joe alone could circumvent; but his triumph lasted only as far as "rhythm." "O little kids, my pretty kids [says Truthful James, who tells the story], twas touching to survey

These bearded men, with weppings on, like
schoolboys at their play.
They'd laugh with glee, and shout to see each
other lead the van,
And Bob sat up as monitor with a cue for a
rattan,
Till the Chair gave out 'incinerate,' and Brown
said he'd be burned
If any such blamed word as that in school was
ever learned."

For "durned," it seems to us, Mr. Bret Harte might have substituted "burned" with humorous effect. This was the first sign of bad temper, which students of Mr. Bret Harte's work will recognise as the beginning of the end. Only carnage now can follow. It drew near steadily. "Phthisis" and "gneiss" numbered scowling victims, and

" Then with a tremblin' voice and hand, and
with a wanderin' eye,
The Chair next offered 'eider-duck,' and
Dick began with 'I,'
And Bilson smiled—then Bilson shrieked!
just how the fight begun
I never knowed, but Bilson dropped, and
Dick, he moved up one."

A scene ensued—very similar to that which broke up the Society upon the Stanislaus; and Truthful James thus brings his story to a close :

"Oh, little kids, my pretty kids, down on your knees and pray !
You've got your eddication in a peaceful sort of way ;
And bear in mind thar may be sharps ez slings their spellin' square,
But likewise slings their bowie-knives without a thought or care.
You wants to know the rest, my dears ? That's all ! In me you see
The only gent that lived to tell about the Spellin' Bee !"

We have treated "The Spelling Bee at Angel's" thus fully because it seems to us the best thing in the book. Among the other pieces is "His Last Letter," of which an account was recently given in the ACADEMY, and some exercises in Mr. Bret Harte's earlier manner. An inability now and then to scan the lines has, however, interfered with our enjoyment of them, and we have always returned with pleasure to the Truthful James section. This, in addition to the Spelling Bee, contains "A Question of Privilege," beginning thus :

" It was Andrew Jackson Sutter who, despising Mr. Cutter for remarks he heard him utter in debates upon the floor.
Swung him up into the skylight, in the peaceful, pensive twilight, and then heedlessly proceeded, makin' no account what we did—
To wipe up with his person casual dust upon the floor.
Now a square fight never frets me, nor unpleasantness upsets me, but the simple thing that gets me—now the job is done and gone,
And we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, leavin' Cutter there with Sutter—that mebbe just a stutter
On the part of Mr. Cutter caused the loss we deeply mourn."

The story proceeds to explain the stutter and the misconstruction put by Mr. Sutter upon its possessor's words. Then there is "The Thought-reader of Angel's" in the metre borrowed years ago by Mr. Bret Harte from *Atalanta in Calydon*; and "Free Silver at Angel's," with its further glimpses of Abner Dean, and Brown of Calaveras, and Ah Sin. Mr. Brown therein is thus touched off :

" He was a most convincin' man—was Brown in all his ways,
And his skill with a revolver, folks had oft remarked with praise."

And Abner Dean, of whom, in "The Society upon the Stanislaus," we were told nothing more than the episode of the sandstone, now blossoms forth as a savant :

" For though a sinful sort of man—and light-some, too, I ween—
He was no slouch in Science—was Mister Abner Dean !"

As a whole, we cannot think the book worthy of its author's poetical reputation. It has nothing to approach some of his earlier work—the pieces, for example, mentioned at the head of this article, and "San Francisco," and "Fate," and "The Stage Driver's Story," and "The Heathen Chinee."

Let us leave it with this musical, wistful little poem of a serious cast :

" O bells that rang, O bells that sang
Above the martyr's wilderness,
Till from that reddened coast-line sprang
The Gospel sad to cheer and bless,
What are your garnered sheaves to-day ?
O Mission bells ! Eleison bells !
O Mission bells of Monterey !

O bells that crash, O bells that clash
Above the chimney-crowded plain,
On wall and tower your voices dash,
But never with the old refrain
In mart and temple gone astray !
Ye dangle bells ! Ye jangle bells !
Ye wrangle bells of Monterey !

O bells that die, so far, so nigh,
Come back once more across the sea,
Not with the zealot's furious cry,
Not with a creed's austerity,
Come with His love alone to stay ;
O Mission bells ! Eleison bells !
O Mission bells of Monterey !

OOM PAUL.

Paul Kruger and His Times. By F. Reginald Statham. (London : Unwin.)

As this is a very controversial volume it is well to say at the outset that here we are not concerned with political opinions. From a literary point of view the book has to stand or fall exclusively by the picture it offers of a human personality. Of Paul Kruger sufficient is known to make us wish for more. His portrait is almost as familiar as Lord Salisbury's, and the clever, smug, tobacco-stained face with all its cunning humour and shrewdness, the Dutch nose, the low but not unintellectual forehead, the crow's-footed, self-concealing eyes, has been appropriately chosen for Mr. Statham's frontispiece. But it is dismaying to find that the biographer has been so engrossed in polemics that he has not put on record a single new example of those caustic sayings which whet our curiosity in regard to the Great Boer—for instance, his comment on the Jameson expedition : "If you wish to kill a tortoise you wait till he puts out his head"; or on the famous telegram : "Queen Victoria only sneezed and the Germans drew back." We have diligently, but in vain, searched Mr. Statham's pages for material wherewith to widen these hints into a full-length portrait. The Historic Muse is much too lofty and dignified to Boswellise Mr. Statham, and inspire him with adequate appreciation of the graphic homely details that make a man live before us. Yet his opportunities have been abundant. He has lived in close intercourse with the President, and must have heard his daily conversation over and over again. But he never produces him except in full dress, never introduces us to the old man sitting at a cottage-door with a pipe between his teeth, shrewdly commenting on things in general. He has in the old bad way of biography conventionalised his subject, smoothed out the angularities and callosities, and made him but an item in politics. Yet

he has a very high sense of Mr. Kruger's position. He says :

" It must be admitted as a remarkable fact, that South Africa, a country so little heard of till within the last twenty years, should during these twenty years have produced two out of the five most noted personalities of the later decades of this century."

Mr. Statham harps on the number five as assiduously as Sir Thomas Brown did on the quincunx ; but if, as he says, Mr. Kruger and Mr. Rhodes are two, who are the other three "most noted personalities?" He does not condescend on an answer, and as to the second of these paragons, Mr. Statham is at so much pains to show his inferiority to the Boer President that we wonder at his inclusion.

In spite of himself, as it were, Mr. Statham occasionally forgets that he is a political pamphleteer, and offers a passing glimpse of the real Oom Paul. We learn, for instance, that Mr. Kruger was born in 1825, that he has been twice married, that his first wife bore him a single child, and the second sixteen, while his descendants now number no fewer than 120. Here is one of the too few specimens of his caustic remarks. A petition full of complaint had been submitted to the Executive from Johannesburg :

" 'Ah,' remarked Mr. Kruger, 'that's just like my monkey. You know I keep a monkey in my back-yard, and the other day, when we were burning some rubbish, the monkey managed to get his tail burnt, whereupon he bit me. That's just like these people in Johannesburg. They burn their tails in the fire of speculation, and then they come and bite me.' "

There is more true humour in this than in the following illustration of his "playfulness of disposition" :

" It is no uncommon thing for him, as he passes along the corridor of the public buildings to his office, to give a friendly dig in the ribs with his stick to any personal acquaintance—possibly some highly responsible official—whom he may encounter. There is, too, a well-authenticated story of how, coming out of his office with a piece of wood in his hand, he gave a pretty sharp rap on the head to one of the occupants of the ante-chamber he had to pass through, *doubtless supposing it was one of his clerks* [the italics are ours]. 'Who's that?' said the person struck, who happened to be a missionary and a stranger in Pretoria. 'Who's that?' was the answer; 'why, it's the President.' "

For the few touches of this kind we are grateful, and only regret that they are so rare. Instead of giving them Mr. Statham indulges in a vast deal of vague eulogy and not very convincing rhetoric, which is based on the assumption that if England were to take direct control of the Transvaal it would mean ruin and loss of liberty to the country. It were as logical to assert that Scotland was ruined when consent was given to the union.

It would, however, be unjust to condemn the book utterly for the mere reason that it fails to present a life-like portrait. The student of politics who is not as a rule turned away from a book because it lacks literary quality will do well to study it. He

may regard Mr. Statham as a counsel engaged to make out the best case he can for President Kruger. From an advocate it were unfair to expect the impartiality and the judicial tone of a judge. Nay, it is quite according to the rules of the game for him to make what points he can against his antagonist. But while showering abuse on Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who, whatever his faults, has proved himself capable of evolving ideas as great and far-reaching as Mr. Kruger, on Mr. Chamberlain, on the Conservative leaders and on the Liberal leaders, Mr. Statham is doing his cause no good by directing innuendoes against the Heir-Apparent. Indeed, take it how you will, the message of the book is not one of peace and goodwill. On the contrary, if taken seriously, it must embitter the relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal.

ANECDOTAGE.

Collections and Recollections. By One who has Kept a Diary. (Smith & Elder.)

SOME people work their way through life; a happier sort goes laughing. Mr. G. W. E. Russell (whose intimate association with this Diarist is an open secret) belongs to the latter class. He appears to have kept steadily before him a single-hearted purpose to find life amusing, and to have instituted a diary to the express end that no gleeful word should fall to the ground. The contents of his journal, as they are here set out, justify his intelligent industry. He has had exceptional opportunities, has companioned with the most interesting people, and many of his best things he gives us at first hand. But, very rightly, he has no nervousness about offering you what you may have heard before (it is so easy to skip); and he even does not scruple to transcribe a passage from Dickens or Thackeray if he believes himself to have discovered in it some new bearing.

His recollections date from the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, and one of his early friends linked him to the Court of Queen Charlotte: Lady Robert Seymour said "goold" for "gold,"

"and 'yaller' for 'yellow,' and 'laylock' for 'lilac.' She laid the stress on the second syllable of balcony. She called her maid her 'ooman'; instead of sleeping at a place she 'lay' there, and when she consulted the doctor she spoke of having 'used the 'potticary.'"

He is, indeed, not quite free from convictions (of which an anecdote should have none); and they partly discolour his impressions of political persons, even of those who, like Mr. Balfour, are political only in the second dimension; but in the case of Lord Beaconsfield his sympathies do generally rise above the level of Government and Opposition, particularly when that courtier-statesman gives himself away:

"In the last year of his life he said to Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a strange burst of confidence . . . 'You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true. . . . Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel.'"

And he acted upon this principle to the point of implicating *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands* with *Coningsby* and *Sybil* in the phrase "we authors," and of gravely declaring—"Your Majesty is the head of the literary profession." But it was not only to royal personages that Lord Beaconsfield knew how to be adroitly civil. Begged by a friend of Mr. Mallock's to read the *New Republic*, he protested with a groan:

"Ask anything, dear lady, except this. I am an old man. Do not make me read your young friend's 'romances.' . . . 'Oh—well, then, give me a pen and a sheet of paper,' and sitting down in the lady's drawing-room, he wrote: 'Dear Mrs.—, —I am sorry that I cannot dine with you, but I am going down to Hughenden for a week. Would that my solicitude could be peopled by the bright creations of Mr. Mallock's fancy.'"

He was not always so fortunate himself; as when a new member from the North, complimenting him on his novels, candidly confessed, "I can't say I have read them myself. Novels are not in my line. But my daughters tell me they are uncommonly good." A more distinguished man, the Duke of Wellington, showed a like appreciation of Letters when Mrs. Norton asked leave to dedicate a song to his great name:

"I have made it a rule [he wrote] to have nothing dedicated to me, and have kept it in every instance, though I have been Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and in other situations much exposed to authors."

To return to Court. Here is a nice anecdote of a member of the illustrious family in an extinct generation:

"How do, admiral? Glad to see you again. It's a long time since you have been to a levée" [cordially cried the Duke of Gloucester, known among his intimates as 'Silly Billy,' to a deeply tanned sailor]. "Yes, sir. Since last I saw your Royal Highness I have been nearly to the North Pole." "By G—d, you look more as if you had been to the South Pole."

Some of the most mordant pleasantries proceed out of ecclesiastical mouths.

"The dress is very effective," replied the Archbishop [Benson, when Manning's portrait was singled out for admiration by the author], "but I don't think there is much besides." "Oh, surely it is a fine head?" "No, not a fine head, only no face."

And in the chapter on the Cardinal, for whom the writer shows a deep reverence, occurs a similar (but half-unconscious) depreciation of his great rival in public esteem:

"When Newman died there appeared in a monthly magazine a series of very unflattering sketches by one who had known him well. I ventured to ask Cardinal Manning whether he had seen these sketches. He replied that he had, and thought them very shocking; the author must have a very unenviable mind, &c.; and then, . . . after a moment's pause, he added: 'But if you ask me if they are like poor Newman, I am bound to say—a photograph.'"

Liddon wrote jestingly to a correspondent:

"London is just now buried under a dense fog. This is commonly attributed to Dr. Westcott having opened his study window at Westminster."

And two happy words of the Cherubic Master's are to be found in these pages. Here is one:

"The scene was the Master's own dining-room, and the moment that the ladies left the room one of the guests began a most outrageous conversation. Every one sat flabbergasted. The Master winced with annoyance; and then, bending down the table towards the offender, said in his shrillest tone—'Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?' and rose from his chair."

The other is less familiar:

"At dinner at Balliol the Master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a judge and the other a bishop. 'Oh,' said Henry Smith, 'I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge, at most, can say "You be hanged," but a bishop can say "You be d—d."'" 'Yes,' characteristically twitted the Master, 'but if the judge says "You be hanged," you are hanged.'

The chapter on Verbal Infelicities is full of good things. "Well, at eight o'clock to-morrow then," is the cordial last word of a temporary prison chaplain as he left the condemned cell. Municipal eloquence yields this post-prandial flower: "It had always been his anxious endeavour to administer justice without swerving to partiality on the one hand, or impartiality on the other." Invulnerable dulness triumphs in the following report upon Mr. Ruskin's condition given by a notorious buttonholer and bore: "What is the matter with him?" asked one of the bore's victims.

"Well," replied the buttonholer, "I was walking one day in the lane which separated Ruskin's house from mine, and I saw him coming down the lane towards me. The moment he caught sight of me he darted into a wood which was close by, and hid behind a tree till I had passed."

And the way in which a good story comes to grief is exemplified in the strange corruption of the legend that Dr. Vaughan of Harrow was accustomed to dismiss his pupil guests with the courteous hint, "Must you go? Can't you stay?"

"Well" [said the Dissenting minister who was proud of a son at Trinity], "when Dr. Butler has undergraduates to breakfast, if they linger inconveniently long when he wants to be busy, he has such a happy knack of getting rid of them. . . . He goes up to one of them and says, 'Can't you go? Must you stay?'"

Less naif is Sir William Harcourt's misquotation of a Tennysonian line in comment upon the Laureate's eulogy of his after-breakfast smoke:

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards" —if, indeed, it was "bards," and not "birds," that the knight said. With this compare the nicknames applied by a young Irish lady to Lord Erne, who abounds in anecdote, and his beautiful Lady.

"The storied Erne and animated bust."

It is base, rather, to make a sport of children's innocence; but this is funny (it occurs in the account of a children's charade):

"This scene displayed a Crusader knight returning from the wars to his ancestral castle.

At the castle-gate he was welcomed by his beautiful and rejoicing wife, to whom, after tender salutations, he recounted his triumphs on the tented field and the number of Paynim he had slain. 'And I, too, my lord,' replied his wife, pointing with conscious pride to a long row of dolls of various sizes—'and I, too, my lord, have not been idle.'

Three chapters are devoted to parodies in prose and verse. Most of them have seen the light before; many are familiar. But here, apropos of Dr. Murray's *Dictionary of the English Language*, is an excellent Johnson for which Boswell will be searched in vain :

"Boswell: 'Pray, sir, what would you say if you were told that the next dictionary of the English language would be written by a Scotchman and a Presbyterian domiciled in Oxford?'

Dr. J.: 'Sir, in order to be facetious it is not necessary to be indecent.'

In 1869 Lewis Carroll published anonymously a book of rhymes called *Phantasmagoria*, afterwards incorporated in his *Rhyme? and Reason?* It had no success, but it contained the poem called "Hiawatha's Photographing," of which here are some precious fragments, which, though well known to older students of the poet, are probably strange to the new generation :

"From his shoulders Hiawatha
Took the camera of rosewood,
Made of folding, sliding rosewood.
In its case it lay compacted,
Folded into next to nothing.
But he pulled the joints and hinges.
Pulled and pushed the joints and hinges,
Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
Like a complicated figure
In the Second Book of Euclid.
This he perched upon a tripod,
And the family in order
Sate before it for their portraits.
Mystic, awful was the process . . .
First the Governor, the Father . . .
Next his better half took courage,
She would have her portrait taken. . . ."

But, principally because

"Every one as he was taken
Volunteered his own suggestions,
His invaluable suggestions,"

the single figures were disastrous failures. So the photographer "tumbled all the tribe together," and—

"Did at last obtain a picture,
Where the faces all succeeded,
Each came out a perfect likeness.
Then they joined and all abused it,
Unrestrainedly abused it,
As the worst and ugliest picture
They could possibly have dreamed of;
Giving one such strange expressions—
Sulkiness, conceit, and meanness.
Really anyone would take us
(Anyone who didn't know us)
For the most unpleasant people.
Hiawatha seemed to think so,
Seemed to think it not unlikely."

The stories from which we have selected a few are classified and strung together by Mr. Russell so as to bulk like essays. Regarded from this point of view—as a volume of essays—the book is of no great value, but its parts are delightful : it runs over with bright things.

A POLYGLOT COLONY.

Twenty-five Years in British Guiana. By Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., Oxon. (Sampson Low.)

British Guiana. By the Rev. L. Crookall. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Stark's Guide-book and History of British Guiana. (Sampson Low.)

Not so very many years ago an Under-Secretary of State in the House of Commons gravely asserted that Demerara was an island, and none of his hearers in that august assembly could venture off-hand to contradict him. Now, thanks to the boundary dispute with Venezuela and the controversy over the decline of the cane-sugar industry, British Guiana and her three provinces—Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo—are more familiar to the British public. To anyone who wants to know something of the life of the country and its odd mixture of races we can cordially recommend Mr. Kirke's volume, which is full of entertaining stories.

The climate is not so very bad, considering that the temperature rarely falls below 82°, and that Georgetown, the principal city, lies below the level of the sea, on a soil largely composed of ancient cess-pools. The rainfall varies from 90 to 140 inches, and as much as 16 inches has been known to fall in one night. Doctors are very numerous. In 1895 there were forty-six medical men in the Government service, with salaries averaging about £600 a year, to look after a population of 280,000. If people were careful not to expose themselves to chills, they would not find the climate unhealthy. But they are not careful, and so get fever. Besides, as an old sea-captain used to say, "Demerara, yes you have fever in Demerara, and, not content with that, you must import more of it in wooden cases containing twelve bottles each." The swizzle is the local drink, and a very seductive compound it appears to be. In Georgetown the sound of the swizzle-stick—the instrument with which Hollands, water, bitters, sugar and crushed ice are twirled into a foaming pink cream—is heard all day. The local dish is pette-pot, a compound into which enters any sort of meat which may be handy, even on one occasion a stray kitten. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is religious toleration carried to a greater pitch. There is not only one State Church, but four :

"The Anglican, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Wesleyan churches were all well endowed by the State, and even the stubborn Congregationalist is not too proud to accept an occasional grant from the Government for his church and missions."

In this last statement Mr. Kirke conflicts with the Rev. Mr. Crookall, who says that the Congregationalists have steadfastly refused all State aid. The religious system, like other institutions of British Guiana, is probably due to the extraordinary mixture of races. There are native Indians; negroes, descendants of the old slaves; other pure negroes more recently imported; East Indian coolies, who are most industrious, and some-

times take back thousands of dollars to India; the ubiquitous Chinese; a few Algerian Arabs, Annamites, and Tonquineses who have escaped from the French penal settlement at Cayenne; and whites of various nations. Add to these the progeny of mixed marriages among the various races above enumerated, and you have the strangest hodge-podge of a population, whose successful administration adds yet another feather to the Briton's cap. The late Mr. James Crosby, who was the protector of immigrants in British Guiana for some thirty years, so identified himself with the welfare of the East Indian population that he became a sort of deity. The department became known as Crosby Office, and to this day every coolie in difficulty announces his intention of going "to see Crosby." The disputes among the various sections of the population, accentuated by the cheapness of intoxicating liquor and the low state of sexual morality, cause a high crime rate. Mr. Kirke as sheriff of Demerara has had to deal with two hundred murderers in his time. Illegitimacy is rife, for marriage is not highly regarded.

"I heard a story about a hard-working, well-meaning Wesleyan minister, who was urging an old man to marry the woman with whom he had lived for many years. But at last, when the subject was renewed, the old man replied, 'Well, minister, we have discoursed together—me son John and me datter Selina—and dem all say married is very danger. Dis time de ole woman 'tand quiet; but de children say if I marry she, de old woman will get out-lawded, and put on too much airs. Better 'tand easy!'"

Mr. Kirke writes like a thorough man of the world, in the best sense. Mr. Crookall writes like what he is, an apostle of the London Missionary Society, fond of mild moral reflections, and still more mild humour. His style, too, is hardly impeccable, as witness the following passage :

"One lady that I knew, whilst busy at her toilet, felt something crawling on her shoulder; she screamed, and called her husband, and he had just time to knock the centipede off before biting her in the neck."

Still, he has some interesting things to say, and he quotes some verses which sum up certain characteristics of the country tellingly enough :

"Demerara, land of trenches,
Giving out most awful stenches,
Land of every biting beast
Making human flesh its feast:
Land of swizzles, land of gin,
Land of every kind of sin!
Why have I been doomed to roam
Far, so far, away from home?"

In spite of this pessimistic view, we fancy a winter in British Guiana would pass pleasantly enough. Those who meditate a trip thither will find Stark's guide-book a useful work of reference.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Scots Poems. By Robert Fergusson. (Blackwood & Sons.)

SO much has of late been written about Fergusson that this little pocket volume of selections from what he himself wrote should be welcome. We have seen how Mr. Stevenson drew a parallel between Fergusson and himself; we have seen how Dr. Grosart manfully championed Fergusson as something approaching a model of the virtues; and now for a simple shilling, the more respectable of Fergusson's Scots poems may be acquired. To the Southron they will be difficult enough reading; but if the student cares anything for scorn, broad humour, hard-hitting, and virile rhyme, he should persevere. We quote a passage from the "Lines to the Principal and Professors of the University of St. Andrews on their Superb Treat to Dr. Samuel Johnson." Fergusson begins by recording the events. He then proceeds:

"But hear my lads! gin I'd been there,
How I'd ha'e trimm'd the bill o' fare!
For ne'er sic surly wight as he
Had met wi' sic respect frae me.
Mind ye what Sam, the lying loun!
Has in his dictionar 'laid dou'n':
That aits in England are a feast
To cow and horse, an' sicken beast,
While in Scots ground this growth was
common
To gust the gab o' man and woman."

And then follows the characteristically national feast as Fergusson would have prepared it:

"Secundo, then, a good sheep's head,
Whase hide was singit, never flead.
And four black trotters, cled wi' girale,
Bedoun his throat had learn'd to hirsle.
What think ye neish o' gude fat brose
To clag his ribs? a dainty dose!
And white and bloody puddins routh,
To gar the Doctor skirl o' drouth!"

And so on. The publishers mercifully add a glossary.

A Visit to Walt Whitman. By John Johnson, M.D. (Manchester: The Labour Press.)

IN 1890 Dr. Johnston visited the good Gray poet at Camden, N.J., and subsequently sent him the notes of his experiences. On receiving the little pamphlet (the presentation was made in public, on the occasion of Walt's seventy-second birthday) Walt remarked:

"Say, you fellows, who dabble in the bigger streams of literature, there is a splendid lesson that such notes as these of Dr. Johnston teach. It is the same lesson that there is in the play of the "Diplomatic Secret." At the end of that interesting play, which I have seen, a great fellow who is in pursuit of it comes in, crying, "At last I have found it—I have found the Great Secret! The Great Secret is that there is no secret at all!" That is the secret. The trick of literary style! I almost wonder if it is not chiefly having no style at all. And Dr. Johnston has struck it here in these Notes. A man might give his fame for such a secret."

We can't agree that Dr. Johnston's diary is as good as this, but he has interesting things to tell. He wasted no time while in America: when he was not with Walt Whitman, he was hunting up the poet's friends, and talking to them—Mr. Burroughs, Mr. H. H. Gilchrist, and persons of obscurity who had some tie with Whitman—and whatever they said or did is recorded here. The description of Walt himself is very full. Here is a specimen of his talk:

"Have you noticed what fine boys the American boys are? Their distinguishing feature is their good-naturedness and good temper with each other. You never hear them quarrel, nor even get to high words. Given a chance, and they would develop the heroic and manly, but they will be spoiled by civilisation, religion, and the damnable conventions. Their parents will want them to grow up genteel—everybody wants to be genteel in America—and thus their heroic qualities will be simply crushed out of them."

There is no doubt that Walt knew his countrymen. Of Oliver Wendell Holmes he said: "Holmes is a clever fellow, but he is too smart, too cute, too epigrammatic, to be a true poet." At another time: "I think I was intended for an artist: I cannot help stopping to look at the 'how it's done' of any piece of work, be it a picture, speech, music, or what not." There are some very good photographs and illustrations to this little book.

The Genealogical Magazine. Vol. I. (Elliot Stock.)

We have read this volume through at a sitting, and have read it with unflagging enjoyment. In point of scholarship and reliability the *Genealogical Magazine* fully holds its own with the best of its rivals, the *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica* and *The Genealogist*, it far surpasses them in scope, variety, and sustained interest. Where the general level is so high and so equal, it is difficult to select particular portions for exceptional remark. If we must do so, we would note the following articles as more especially combining solidity for the student with attractiveness for the general reader.

The paper on the Sobieski Stuarts, with its attendant correspondence; the inquiry into the Nelson pedigree, wherein the appearance of grocers, mercers, ironmongers, and butter factors seems to have aroused a pretty feminine indignation on the part of a descendant, which it is strange was not appeased by the allotment to the great admiral of a leash of royal descents, two from Edward III. and one from Alfred the Great; investigations into the history of the Shakespeare family that ought to dispel once for all the pleasing error that there exists any posterity whatever of the bard, either in the male or in the female line; the story of the Beresford Ghost; and the suggestive chapters on "The Evolution of the Mediaeval Helmet." One contributor, we rejoice to see, takes up the cudgels for female descent, which it is the unscientific fashion of the day to depreciate, or even to ignore—an attitude to be stigmatized as pedantry of the narrowest and most senseless kind. With reference to the Shakespeare lineage, it may be pointed out that

French's *Shakspeareana Genealogica* is a very slovenly and untrustworthy book. We have noticed in the magazine a few misprints: "Kingstone" for "Kingston" (p. 576); "county" for "country" (599); *saevis* for *saevis* (p. 623); and "p. 346" for "p. 546" (p. 689). The "Further Royal Descents of Lord Nelson" (p. 520) has escaped the compiler of the index; and the Latin inscription on p. 652 needs overhauling. The editor, so far as his personal identity is concerned, with scholarlike modesty remains an unknown quantity; but when he is *en evidence* in these pages, we think we can detect the trenchant pen of one of the shrewdest and most accomplished genealogists of the day. We wish his new magazine the long life and complete success it deserves.

Christian Profiles in a Pagan Mirror. By Joseph Parker, D.D. (Hurst & Blackett.)

DR. PARKER has the happy gift of expressing old truths in a fresh and lively way. He cannot be dull, and he is often witty. In this little book the master of the City Tabernacle enunciates the truths of Christianity by placing them in the mouth of a pagan lady, whom he supposes to have come to England to inquire into the Christian faith, and into the habits and customs of Christians. She reports her impressions in letters to a friend in India. The lady herself embraces Christianity, and describes not only her own experiences but those of other people into whose lives and hearts she looks. As might be expected from this scheme, and from Dr. Parker's ability, the book contains many pungent as well as many edifying pages. It is suffused with an earnest spirit, and Dr. Parker is entirely justified in pointing to the fact that this book appears just fifty years after his first ministry, as a boy preacher, in 1848. Dr. Parker is moved to declare that: "Having paid much attention to Agnosticism, Secularism, Altruism, Socialism, and other theories and philosophies of life, I here set it down as my deliberate conviction that Jesus Christ alone can save the world."

Colloquy and Song. By B. J. M. Donne. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE method of this little book is the method of *The Complete Angler*, and *Friends in Council*, and Dr. Holmes's "Breakfast Table" volumes: certain persons come together to talk, and here and there a song is dropped in. Isaac Walton is, in truth, the author's particular model. Neither prose nor verse is of a very high order, but they have geniality and high spirits, and as the subject of conversation is nearly always one sport or another, the book, if somewhat trivial, is quite a pleasant one. Here is a specimen of the author's verse, from a poem in praise of coffee:

"Then toast King Coffee's noble beryl,
His wine flows finer when he's toasted,
When Bacchus' soul would be in peril,
His body dead if he were roasted!
Phoenix like, one rises higher,
The other dies before the fire!"

Our author, however, is no teetotaler. One of his songs celebrates "The Beauty o' Beer."

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE STORY OF A PLAY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

The title just suits the story, which describes in three hundred and twelve bright, neat pages the vicissitudes of a play, and the varying moods of the author and his wife under the ordeal. Their triumph in the end is unequivocal, but there are hard things by the way. Mr. Howells has done wonders with so slender a plot. As usual, his characters behave beautifully, and converse as if they were people in a book. We fear British actors do not talk quite like this: "It might be the very thing. The audience likes a recurrence to a distinctive feature. It's like going back to an effective strain in music." Neither is this the common speech of British journalists: "What a singular spectacle," said Maxwell. "The casting off of the conventional in sea-bathing always seems to me like the effect of those dreams where we appear in society insufficiently dressed, and wonder whether we can make it go." (Harper & Brothers. 312 pp. 6s.)

SILENCE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Another gentle, fragrant book by the author of *A New England Nun*. The stories are six in number: "Silence" (Silence was a girl), "The Buckley Lady," "Evelina's Garden," "A New England Prophet," "The Little Maid at the Door," and "Lydia Hersey, of East Bridgewater." (Harper & Brothers. 336 pp. 6s.)

UNADDRESSED LETTERS.

BY F. A. SWETTENHAM.

Disregarding the device by which the short papers comprised in this volume are made to appear the jottings of a dead hand, we suppose them to represent the occasional output of Sir Frank Swettenham himself. They are the work, at any rate, of a man of wide knowledge of the world—of both the social world and the countries of the globe. They treat with a kind of brief discursiveness of such diverse matters as tigers, ghosts, criticism, death, letter-writing, and the education of daughters. "Too much scenery, too much sentiment," was the verdict of a friendly critic. But there are descriptive passages of great beauty, and the sentiment is virile. (John Lane. 312 pp. 6s.)

WILMAY.

BY BARRY PAIN.

Five stories of women: "Wilmay," "The Love Story of a Plain Woman," "The History of Clare Tollison," "The Forgiveness of the Dead," and "A Complete Recovery." This is a work in its author's serious manner. (Harper & Brothers. 248 pp. 3s. 6d.)

MUTINEERS.

BY ARTHUR E. J. LEGGE.

Given a man of education and refinement, and, generally, of parts which in favourable circumstances—with a sufficient patrimony, that is to say—would secure him a pleasant and useful life, what will happen to him thrown upon his own resources in the pushful London of to-day? The problem is open to a hundred possible solutions, and every single one of them is right. Mr. Legge has made a very agreeable book about it, and has not found it necessary to demolish the fabric of society to find a solution. Also he has a good command of the English language. (John Lane. 341 pp. 6s.)

IN THE EYE OF THE LAW.

BY W. D. LYALL.

On page 9 the passage occurs: "A, not being a domiciled Scotsman, married B, a domiciled Scotswoman, who subsequently deserted him, and has remained away for the statutory period of four years. A, since . . . The opinion of counsel is requested on the following points. . . ." The book contains a villainous lawyer and his charming, dignified victims, comic constables, and a melodramatic trial. (Glasgow and Edinburgh: Hodge. 199 pp.)

LOST MAN'S LANE.

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

By the author of *The Leavenworth Case*. The sub-title, "A Second Episode in the Life of Amelia Butterworth," will recommend this book to Mrs. Rohlfs' admirers. The tale is "wrope in mistery" from head to foot, and for an episode 400 pages form a generous space. It is, perhaps, to exemplify the highly complex character of the enigma that the last page of the Contents is printed upside down. (Putnam's Sons. 403 pp.)

MURDER BY WARRANT.

BY E. T. COLLIS.

This book—as may be guessed from its title—is a plea for a court of criminal appeal; and lest its purpose should be misunderstood or ignored, an Introduction cites the names of some score of authorities who have declared themselves in favour of a prompt measure of reform. That of the Lord Chief Justice heads the list. A first glance does not reveal any sign of genius in the construction and style, but the end is kept always steadily in view. Corelli and Makefame are names which appear frequently upon the pages. (Kelvin Glen & Co. 253 pp. 5s.)

MATERFAMILIAS.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Begins with an elopement, and issues in grandmaternity. The form is autobiographical, and includes flirtation, shipwreck, and a colonial farm; also a second marriage, to correct the precipitation of the first. Domestic details are touched in with the sure hand of experience. (Ward & Lock. 314 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE LOVE OF A FORMER LIFE.

BY CHARLES J. H. HALCOMBE.

A story built upon vivid dreams and information gleaned during a visit to Italy. It tells how Liello and Lucina, two lovers of ancient Rome, were re-incarnated in modern times under the names of Ferondo and Althea. Persecutions cut short their Roman life with some abruptness, but in the second innings they had plenty of excitement, including a shipwreck and the conversation of negroes. (John Long. 318 pp. 6s.)

THE GOLFICIDE.

BY W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

A collection of six humorous stories for golfomaniacs. This is Mr. W. G. Van T. Sutphen's manner: "There was a heap of wet sand on the costly Bokhara rug at the far end of the hall, and even as she gazed, unable to believe her own eyes, Mr. Brown appeared from the butler's pantry, attired in full golfing costume, and attended by Robinson Brown, jun., with his bag of clubs. Mr. Brown carefully teed his ball, and with a loud shout of 'fore,' drove it the whole length of the hall and drawing-room, to the utter destruction of a unique Sèvres vase." (Harper Brothers. 190 pp. 2s.)

IT WAS MARLOWE.

BY WILBUR GLEASON ZEIGLER.

Marlowe was Kit Marlowe, author of *Dr. Faustus*. Shakespeare comes into it too, and Ben Jonson, and George Peele. This is Shakespeare's conversational manner: "Yes, I shall at once lease the Green Curtaine that is now closed, and produce thy play there, Marlowe. A fortune can soon be reaped from such a venture." The attempt of the author is to prove that Marlowe wrote "Hamlet." We thought it was Bacon. (Kegan Paul. 295 pp., or, with the notes, 310 pp. 7s. 6d.)

GHOSTS I HAVE MET.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Mr. Bangs is an American humorist and the author of *A House-Boat on the Styx*. This is his method: "'I am glad to be of service to you,' the Awful Thing replied, smiling at me so yellowly that I almost wished the author of *The Blue Button of Cowardice* could have seen it." There are seven stories in this book, and each is as funny as the last. Mr. Peter Newell's illustrations really make us laugh. (Harper & Brothers. 194 pp. 2s.)

A SON OF THE GODS.

BY MRS. LODGE.

"Miss Dustan often owned to herself that her youth had been wasted, like the perfume of many a flower on the desert air; but that was only in her desponding moods. At other times she believed herself beautiful, young, and irresistible." Another character is Lord R——, "a man who does not mind what people say, at any rate." Subsequently there are a bicyclist's adventures among Fire Worshippers. (Digby & Long. 284 pp.)

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THEO DOUGLAS.

A lengthy, closely woven, domestic drama by the author of *A Bride-Elect*. Love and scandal, madness, and a fire at a ball—these are some of the elements. A carefully written novel, a curious blend of quietude and sensationalism. (Harper & Brothers. 268 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

Sun Beetles: a Comedy of Nickname Land. By Thomas Pinkerton. (John Lane.)

THIS is the merest episode. In the perfectly appointed riverside mansion of Mr. Harpwell, a wealthy, hide-bound widower, where everything needed has but to be "buttoned" for and straightway it is produced by obsequious servants, dwell his sister Mrs. Fernshaw, a rich widow, and her son "Tubbie," a young man of humour and luxurious tastes. Mr. Harpwell's enormous gifts as benefactor-in-chief of Polderswick, the neighbouring Thames-side town, disturb these relatives, who looked to inheriting the money which is being thus disbursed. And when Mr. Harpwell meditates an expensive bridge across the river, their patience is exhausted. They seek the services of Lord Coldwitte, a permanent guest and renowned cynic (of whose wit, however, we hear more than we are permitted by Mr. Pinkerton to taste: it is dangerous for a novelist, unless he be a Meredith, to expatiate on the wit of his puppets), to help them out, and the decision is that Mr. Harpwell shall stand for Polderswick in the Liberal interest in the coming election, and that there being already a popular Liberal candidate, the town shall reject him so effectually as to disgust him with it for ever. Then the fun begins. "Tubbie" at once takes the affairs in hand, and with the assistance of a lawyer named Philpott, the plot is matured. How it ends the reader must discover unaided.

The book is clever, but not, we think, clever enough. We lay it aside with the feeling that had Mr. Pinkerton striven more the result would have been far better. With the exception of two characters—the lawyer Philpott, a true type waiting to be set on paper, and Mrs. Basker, of Eclipse Villa, a perfectly radiant creation, touched in with admirable dexterity—the figures are shadowy. Here is a specimen piece of dialogue relating to the bridge. It should be premised that Lord Coldwitte's nickname for Mrs. Fernshaw was the Fatuist:

"It will be a costly affair," said Coldwitte.

"It will be costly," cried Harpwell, with enthusiastic conviction. "I am inclined myself, as to the balustrades and more ornamental parts, to red Aberdeen granite."

"The tombstone of your hopes, my Tubbie," whispered Coldwitte; while Harpwell sat down after the manner of a political person who has made a splendid impression and waits to be heckled, as to rather a pleasure than otherwise.

"What will the Fatuist say?" whispered Coldwitte.

"The fact is, dear boy," said Tubbie serenely, "poor Mumey, thinking your name for her had reference to what is politely called *embonpoint*, has got down some steel-centered stays, with a new patent winch-action for drawing 'em tight. Her maid over-wound her, and the ratchet or something got blocked. I had to button for the engineer with his leather bag of tools to cut her loose. She's lying down now, with a pain in her heart, poor dear!"

"Aberdeen granite," said Coldwitte, as after self-communing; "why not porphyry?"

"Why porphyry?"

"Oh, it sounds expensive; more in the purple, you know! Remember, if you adopt it, that I gave you porphyry."

"I'd like to give him peperino," muttered Tubbie.

"The pillars might be of porphyry. I must look up porphyry. The local poet would be pleased with the name, if that be any recommendation."

In this particular stratum of society—professional guests at country houses, and the newly rich who form a fringe to aristocracy—Mr. Pinkerton has a fruitful field for study. He is, we think, as well qualified as any one to study it, and yet we regret a little the loss of the fine humour that went to the making of his *John Newbold's Ordeal*.

* * * *

The Keepers of the People. By Edgar Jepson.
(C. Arthur Pearson.)

MR. JEPSON seems to have resolved to show that the world cannot do without an aristocracy, and that all little shibboleths of civilisation and convention sink out of sight in the presence of the single great man. The same people who figured in his former book, *A Passion for Romance*, appear here. The sensualist is still to the fore, but it is no longer the humorous sensualist, like Lord Lisdor, but the calm, god-like, invincible sensualist. He, Mr. Edgar Jepson assures us, is the true man of action. At the Lisdors' house suddenly appears a stranger, who is some remote connexion of the family returned to England to seek a wife. He marries a strong-minded young woman, and takes her out to rule with him in a strange land, called Varandaleel, somewhere north of the Himalayas. Then comes a Russian invasion, and many remarkable things happen which we will not reveal. But "the moral of it all," as the Duchess said, is the humiliation of the unfortunate lady who believed in conventional ethics. When she is removed, the inhabitants of Varandaleel settle down to enjoy themselves, and it certainly is a convenient land for everybody but stray missionaries and strong-minded women.

Mr. Jepson has an unfortunate trick of always appearing to moralise. We do not believe that he would subscribe to all the rather crude theories of morals and government in the book, but unfortunately he writes so as to appear as their advocate. Now, the reader of such a story as this has nothing to do with the moral so long as the interest is there, but he has a right to complain if he suspects the author of preaching. For the rest it is a clever and well-written romance, ingenious and full of action. Lord Lisdor is excellently done, and for the first hundred pages Althea could not be bettered. But when the company shifts to Varandaleel and the fantastic enters, the interest flags, not from lack of movement in the tale, but from the overdone brutality. Things are put a little too bluntly, and there is the fatal suspicion that the author would have us take it seriously. Now, sensualism taken seriously—except from the purely external point of view of the pathologist—is an absurdity and a weariness; it is only the humorous sensualist who, when drawn *con amore*, is tolerable. Indeed, a little wholesome humour is sadly needed in this dish of carnal bakemeats to make the mess palatable.

* * * *

Sons of Adversity. By L. Cope Cornford.
(Methuen & Co.)

THERE is little to complain of in this "romance of Queen Elizabeth's time," except that it belongs to the modern school of historical fiction, which is surely the most stereotyped and elaborately conventional school of fiction that ever got itself into print. Mr. Cornford writes with skill, and there is a freshness in his phrasing which greets one pleasantly after the pseudo-archaics of countless Covenanting novels:

"There was a breathing silence. I saw Mr. Nettlestone turn a dusky white colour, and instantly there swam into the glass of memory another image, the picture of a knave of diamonds glinting on wet stones, and having ciphers written on the back; and before Mr. Nettlestone opened his lips, I knew what he would say—and his answer fell pat like an echo: 'Thirteen hundred and fifty crowns.'

The words were scarce out of his mouth when I was flung aside, thrown down, and trampled on, as Chidiock Marston burst through the ring of men to the door. There was a glitter of steel—a confused momentary swaying to and fro and shouting, the scream of a man hurt—and I was upon my feet again, the wet wind from the open door blowing upon my face. Cleisby's poniard stuck quivering in the panel; he and his men were out of the room; and there came from without a sound of

galloping hoofs and cries of pursuit. Sir Ralph's halberdiers, again closing about us, had stood fast at his word of command."

The scene is prettily rendered, and there are many such scenes in *Sons of Adversity*.

Nevertheless, the book is merely concocted according to a recipe: a siege, a ship, a girl, some money, and a mystery, culminating in the inevitable love-match. And we still await the novelist who will look back at history through his own unaided virginal eyes, and not through the glasses used by a thousand and one predecessors. Surely there is yet new material in history—material which will employ the larger scope and fuller power that the art of fiction has acquired since the days of Scott and Dumas. These were great men, but they did not utter the last word of historical fiction.

It is difficult to define exactly what is the matter with the historical novels of to-day. To say that they lack originality is not enough. But even on present lines they might be easily improved. For instance, by *not* invariably writing them in the first person singular; and by infusing into them a little of what Dumas (who knew its value as well as most people) calls in his *Memoirs*, "cette merveilleuse qualité de la gaieté."

To return for a moment to *Sons of Adversity*, let us say that it is good of its kind. If Mr. Cornford had been as fresh in the invention of his incident as he is in the presentation of it, he would have sharply distinguished himself from the ruck. Unfortunately, his incidents are altogether too trite. For an example, chosen at random: "When I came to myself, I was lying propped against his knee, in the bottom of the wherry, which was moving swiftly to the creak and splash of oars." That venerable wherry (sometimes it is a lugger), with its apparatus of swooned hero and vocal rowlocks, ought to be made taboo by ordinance of the Society of Authors.

* * * *

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"AND there, I have gone and forgotten your tea again! How careless I am! I am afraid this tea is not very fresh, Mr. Sebright; in fact, it has stood for over an hour; but Simmons (that is the butler) is so dreadfully offended if I send out for fresh tea to be made during the afternoon, that I really dare not do it. You won't mind much, will you, if it is rather strong and cold?"

Paul smiled and forsook the paths of rectitude so far as to assure her ladyship that tea on the lees was the beverage he fancied above all others.

"Oh, how dear of you to say that! And you can have as much hot water as you like, though the hot water is cold too. But it will take off the bitter taste which makes the special nastiness of old tea. Is it very bad, now you come to drink it?" asked Lady Esdaile, with sympathetic interest.

Paul lied bravely. "It is delicious."

"I am so glad. It really is tiresome having a butler who takes offence if you ask him to do anything."

"It must make life very difficult, Lady Esdaile."

"It does; very difficult indeed. I often don't get enough to eat because I daren't ask for more when Simmons is carving; but I make up with vegetables, because the footmen hand them. I'm not afraid of a footman."

We have begun with this passage because it illustrates perfectly Lady Esdaile's conversational methods, and Lady Esdaile is the most valuable figure in the book. Indeed, as a novel, we rank Miss Fowler's work low, but as a collection of frivolous talk it is extremely amusing. Isabel Carnaby herself is not to be believed in, Paul Seaton (Lady Esdaile's Mr. "Sebright") is only half drawn, the society in which they move has little reality; but for good-humoured "piffing" chatter such as this Miss Fowler is to be thanked:

"Isabel smiled. 'My dear Lord Bobby, how absurd you are! Now perhaps you will respond to my confidence, and tell us when you feel shy.'

Bobby thought for a moment. 'When my boots creak,' he answered.

Everybody laughed. 'It is no laughing matter, I can assure you,' he continued. 'I've got a pair now that make me feel as timid as an unfledged schoolgirl every time I put them on. I wore them to go to church only last Sunday; and they sang such a processional hymn to themselves all the way up the aisle that by the time I reached our pew I was half dead with shame, and "the beauty born of murmuring sound" had "passed into my face"; but it wasn't the type of

beauty that was becoming to me—it was too anxious and careworn for my *retroussé* style.'

'Weren't your people awfully ashamed of you?' asked Isabel.

'There were none of them there except my mother; and she sat at the far end of the pew, and tried to look as if I were only a collateral.'

Briefly, the story is nothing, but the talk pleasantly titillates; and we shall always with some eagerness reach out a hand to a new novel from the same pen.

* * * *

Her Ladyship's Elephant. By David Dwight Wells.
(Heinemann.)

THIS is a bright, farcical little story. Two couples are married upon the same day. The man in one case, the bride in the other, is an American; and the American of each couple, being the predominant partner, has assumed the sole secret arrangement of the tour. The two pairs start by the same train. At a junction the train divides while the two men have met and for a few moments have exchanged places. The narrative of the subsequent complications and difficulties is sufficiently comic. As to the elephant, so touchingly depicted on the cover by Mr. William Nicholson, he is in reality rather incidental. Irritated by the reception accorded him by his friend's aunt, Lady Dian, to whom he had taken his friend's wife for protection, Allingford (the American bridegroom) sent on to her ladyship a newly imported elephant, which the chance necessity of a fellow countryman had assigned to him in pledge. Here is a part of what then began to happen:

"He judged now that he was in the park of the 'Damconsul'; and the fact that there were clumps of familiar plants scattered over the grass increased his belief that this was the case. He tried a few coleus and ate a croton or two. . . . He lay down on a few of the beds; but the foliage was pitifully thin, and afforded him no comfortable resting place; moreover, there were curious rows of slanting things which glistened in the sunlight, and which he much wished to investigate. On examination he found them quite brittle, and easily smashed a number of them with his trunk. Nor was this all, for in the wreckage he discovered a large quantity of most excellent fruit—grapes and nectarines and some passable plums. Evidently the 'Damconsul' was an enlightened person. . . . At this moment a shameless female slave appeared at a window . . . and abused him. He could not, it is true, understand her barbarous language, but the tone implied abuse. Such an insult from the scum of the earth could not be allowed to pass unnoticed. He filled his trunk with water . . . and squirted it at her with all his force, and the scum of the earth departed quickly. 'It would be well,' thought the elephant, 'to find the "Damconsul" before further untoward incidents occur'; and with this end in view, he turned himself about. . . . He forgot, however, that marble may be slippery; his hind legs suddenly slid from under him, and he sat hurriedly down on the breakfast-table. It was at this singularly inopportune moment that Lady Dian appeared upon the scene."

The whole story is good fooling of its kind.

FOR HASTY WRITERS.

AN American critic, Mr. A. G. Compton, concludes his volume, *Some Common Errors of Speech* (Putnam's Sons) with this Index Expurgatorius:

Above, for more than.

Antagonise, for oppose.

Any, for at all: "She does not walk any if she can avoid it." "I don't work any at night."

Apt, for liable or likely.

Balance, for rest or remainder.

Be done with, for have done with.

Bogus, for worthless, fraudulent.

But, for only: "Others but nodded."

Cablegram, for cable despatch or message.

Calculated to, for likely to or fit to.

Carnival, as metaphor.

Claim, for assert or maintain.

Cyclone, for tornado or hurricane.

Deputise, for depute.

Develops, for turns out: "It develops that Senator Hoar introduced the proposed amendment."

Due to, for owing to.

Electrocute, for kill by electricity.
Endorse, for approve.
En route, for on the way.
Enthuse over, for feel enthusiastic over, or admire.
Every now and then, for now and then.
Every once in a while, for once in a while.
Expect, for think or suppose, relating to present time.

Fix, for adjust, repair, and a hundred other words.
Folks, for folk or people : "The good folks at the inn," for "the good people at the inn."
Fraud, for impostor.

Goes without saying, for is understood.
Gratuitous, for unnecessary.

Have got, for have.
Hire, let, lease. (See dictionaries.)

Inaugurate, for begin or open.
In evidence, for conspicuous.
In our midst, for in the midst of us, or among us.
Inside of, for within or in less than : "Inside of two weeks."

Jeopardise, for endanger.

Know as, for know that : "I do not know as I can say much on that subject."

Learn, for teach.
Leave, for let.
Lengthy, for long.
Loan, for lend.
Locate, for settle or place.
Lurid, for bright or brilliant.

Majority, for most : "The majority of the stock is worthless."
Materialise, for appear.
Murderous, for deadly : "Murderous weapons."
Mutual, for common.

Observe, for say (it means to heed or attend to).
Official, for officer.

Patron, for customer.
Posted, for informed.
Proven, for proved.

Quite, for very.

Reliable, for trustworthy.
Remains, for corpse.
Rendition, for performance.
Repudiate, for reject or disown.
Restive, for restless or frisky.
Resurrect, for bring back to life.
Retire, for go to bed.
Retire, for withdraw (active verb).
Rôle, for part.
Ruination, for ruin or destruction.

Since, for ago : "It happened more than a year since."
Some, for somewhat or a little : "It thawed some."
State, for say : "He stated that he had no property of his own."
Stop at, for stay at.

Those kind, for that kind.
Transference, for transfer.
Transpire, for occur or take place.

Ventilate, for expose or explain.

Will be able, for shall be able, in the first person.
Would like, for should like, in the first person.

DAUDET DESCRIBED BY HIS SON.

We have already referred to the articles upon Alphonse Daudet, by his son Leon Daudet, which have appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. The narrative (says the *Literary Digest*) reveals more fully than ever his heroic fortitude in the deadly embrace of an incurable malady, and makes manifest that through dire suffering the invalid's character was continually elevated and his talent exalted.

The son's recollections go back to the time of his infancy—back to the time when his father was still young and strong, and crowned with his budding laurels.

Many of these early reminiscences cast a vivid light upon the earlier years of Daudet :

"We were in the country, in Provence, visiting a family of our dear friends. The morning was admirable, vibrant with bees and perfumes; my companion took his Virgil, his cloak, and his short pipe, and we wandered forth, and ensconced ourselves on the border of a rivulet. The dark cypress-trees near us enhanced the clear blue of the horizon, delicately intersected with roseate and golden lines. My father explained to me *Les Georgiques*. Then it was that poetry was revealed to me. The beauty of the verses, the rhythmical intonations of the musical voice reciting them, and the harmony of the landscape penetrated my soul with a single impression. An immense beatitude took possession of me. I felt suffocated, and burst into tears. My father knew what was going on within me, and, pressing me to his heart, shared my enthusiasm. I was drunken with beauty."

Another scene at a later date :

"It is evening—I return from the Lyceum after attending several lectures. Our master, Burdeau, had just analysed Schopenhauer for us with incomparable clearness and insight. I was disturbed by his sombre theories. In fact, then for the first time I had tasted the fruit of death, and of distress. How came it that the words of the gloomy pessimist made such an impression upon my sensitive brain? That I will not attempt to elucidate, but my father understood me. I had said scarcely anything, but he saw from my looks that the lesson had been too severe for my youth and inexperience. Then he drew me tenderly to his side, and he, upon whom the black shadow had already fallen, for my sake celebrated life in terms that I shall never forget. He told me of work that ennobles everything ; of radiant goodness ; of pity, in which refuge may be found ; and finally of love, a consolation even for death that I knew now only by name, but which in time would be revealed to me, and dazzle me with inconceivable raptures. How strong and convincing were his words! He presented me with a radiant picture of the life into which I was about to adventure. The arguments of the philosopher fell one by one before his eloquence; this, my first and most violent attack of metaphysics, he repelled victoriously. Do not smile, you who read these pages. I now comprehend the importance of this little domestic drama. Since that evening I have been gorged with metaphysics, and I know that by means of it a subtle poison infected my veins, and those of my contemporaries. It is not because of its pessimism that this philosophy is so much to be dreaded, but because it distorts and masks what is best in life. I regret bitterly that I did not fix in my memory my father's discourses—it would have been a comfort to many."

Montaigne, Pascal, and Rousseau were among Daudet's favourite authors. Montaigne he had always by his side. Descartes and Spinoza he admired chiefly among the philosophers; and, although opposed to his doctrines, Schopenhauer was read by him with keen relish. The book that he studied more than any other, however, was the *book of life*. According to him it is only through practical experience that we can learn to know the truth; and again, he constantly maintained that *emotion* is the real source of all that is great in art. One of his own most striking characteristics was certainly his extreme sensibility, a most rare capacity for deep feeling, that was never diminished either by suffering or the flight of time. In maturity his emotions were as keen and as quickly aroused as in his ardent youth; but they had been ennobled and purified by his profound and sad experience.

Alphonse Daudet always had a great penchant for books of travel and adventure. Napoleon was one of his heroes, and he was familiar with all the details of his campaigns. In speaking of this tumultuous and restless nineteenth century, he maintained that it was dominated by two types: that of Buonaparte and that of Hamlet; the latter, prince not only of Denmark, but of the interior life; the former, source of high deeds and daring enterprises.

Among his contemporaries there were two whom he regarded as representatives of their opposite ideals—H. M. Stanley and George Meredith. He delighted in Stanley's books, and read them incessantly. Moreover, when the daring traveller was attacked, he defended him with conviction, maintaining that, so far from being cruel, he was the most just and merciful, as well as the most tenacious of conquerors.

The younger Daudet describes their visit to George Meredith's charming cottage at Box Hill, concluding with an eloquent eulogy of the English author.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

ON Wednesday, at Cambridge, the honorary degree of Doctor in Law was conferred upon General Ferrero, the Italian Ambassador; Sir Nathaniel Lindley, the Master of the Rolls; Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P.; Prof. Dicey; Mr. Bryce, M.P.; Sir Henry Irving (who is this year's Rede Lecturer); Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.; Dr. Caird, the Master of Balliol; and Mr. F. C. Penrose, late President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and first Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens. Upon Mr. Charles Booth, the social economist, was conferred the degree of Doctor in Science.

In her introduction to the new volume of the Biographical Thackeray, which contains *The Yellowplush Papers*, *Major Gahagan*, *The Great Hoggarty Diamond*, and others of the shorter works, Mrs. Ritchie quotes a number of extracts from a diary kept by her father in London in 1832, when he was reading law and seeing much of Maginn and the Tennysons, Fitzgerald, and the Bullers. Later we are offered glimpses of Thackeray in Paris, when studying painting and leading a strikingly Trilby-esque life; and then in 1836 comes his marriage, in 1837 the appearance of Yellowplush in *Fraser's Magazine*, and in 1838 of Major Gahagan, in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*. Mrs. Ritchie suggests that Thackeray had to pay dearly for some of the knowledge which went to the making of the *Yellowplush Papers*. Thus :

"As a boy he had lost money at cards to some card-sharpers who scraped acquaintance with him. He has told us that they came and took lodgings opposite to his, on purpose to get hold of him. He never blinked at the truth, or spared himself; but neither did he blind himself as to the real characters of the people in

question, when once he had discovered them. His villains became curious studies in human nature; he turned them over in his mind, and he caused Deuceace, Barry Lyndon, and Ikey Solomons, Esq., to pay back some of their ill-gotten spoils, in an involuntary but very legitimate fashion, when he put them into print and made them the heroes of those grim early histories."

MRS. RITCHIE writes thus of the pseudonym Michael Angelo Titmarsh, which Thackeray was then using :

"We know that Haroun al Raschid used to like to wander about the streets of Bagdad in various disguises, and in the same way did the author of *Vanity Fair*—although he was not a Calif—enjoy putting on his various dominos and characters. None of these are more familiar than that figure we all know so well, called Michael Angelo Titmarsh. No doubt my father first made this artist's acquaintance at one of the studios in Paris. Very soon Mr. Titmarsh's criticisms began to appear in various papers and magazines. He visited the salons as well as the exhibitions over here, he drew most of the Christmas books, and wrote them too. He had a varied career. One could almost write his life. For a time, as we know, he was an assistant master at Dr. Birch's Academy. . . . He was first cousin to Samuel Titmarsh of the great 'Hoggarty Diamond', also he painted in water-colours. . . . To the kingdom of heaven he assuredly belongs! kindly, humorous, delightful little friend; droll shadow behind which my father loved to shelter himself. In Mr. Barrie's life of his mother he tells us how she wonders that he should always write as if he were some one not himself. Sensitive people are glad of a disguise, and of a familiar who will speak their thoughts for them. . . ."

AND here is a letter from Thackeray to his wife in 1838, which strikes a deeper note, and is of touching beauty :

" . . . Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me! It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that He might not be led into temptation. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture, you only see a little bit of it when you are close to the canvas; go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is. I don't know that I shall have done much by coming away, except being so awfully glad to come back again."

An interesting personal relic of Milton has just been described at some length by a writer in the *Daily News*, to whom it was entrusted for that purpose by its present owner. This is a little tortoise-shell case, some four inches long, 1*1*/*2* broad, and half an inch deep or thick, containing tablets, three ivory leaves, and a pair of dividers;

other contents—a pencil and a pen and three other things—having been (like Paradise) lost. At the bottom, which is of steel, there is a nearly circular raised part, which was used by the poet for sealing his letters. The relics are accompanied by the following document :

"I Richard Lovekin, of Nantwich [now Nantwich], in the county of Chester, do affirm and will make oath, if need be, that a tortoise-shell-case containing a pen, pencil, three leaves of ivory, and a pair of dividers, and a fish-skin case in which is contained ivory leaves [this fish-skin case does not appear to be extant], late in my possession and now the property of Josh Massie, widow of Poet Milton, sometime before her death, who informed me that both of the cases above-mentioned belonged to her deceased husband Mr. Milton, and that he used the raised oval at the bottom of the tortoise-shell case as a seal; also that he did intend to have had his own coat of arms engraved on it. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this first day of October [originally "September," but the September is crossed out], A.D. 1742.

RICHD. LOVEKIN."

Milton's widow was his third wife, Elizabeth—"Betty"—Minshall, who died in 1727, surviving her husband some fifty years. As Nantwich was her home, there is every reason to believe in the authenticity of the document and case. In whose possession they are we know not, but considering the fate of Thackeray's inkstand, which was stolen from Mr. Leslie Stephen's house a few weeks ago, it might be well if the British Museum acted as custodian.

THE *Outlook*, which specialises in R. L. S., supports the theory that Stevenson was the author of the sea-song which we quoted a week or so ago—"The Fine Pacific Islands"—attributed by him to a singer in a public-house at Rotherhithe. "Written in a private house at a Fine Pacific Island" would, says our contemporary, probably more nearly explain their origin. This private house is, alas! in a poor way. According to a recent visitor to Samoa, whose experiences are cited by the *New York Critic*, the home of Tusitala is rapidly falling to ruin. It is empty, and likely to remain so.

THE following is the list of the principal contents of the new *Cornish Magazine*, due on July 1, which Mr. Quiller-Couch is editing : A frontispiece, "Pilchards," from the picture by C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.; "Truro Cathedral" (with five illustrations)—1, Its History, by Canon Donaldson; 2, Its Future, by the Bishop of Truro; "The Mystery of Joseph Laquedem," a story, by "Q"; "Madam Fanny Moody at Home," a chat with the Cornish nightingale (six portraits); a sonnet, "Cornubiensis Adoptivus," by A. C. Benson; "A Strong Man," a story, by Charles Lee; "The Duchy's Harvest," by F. G. Afiafalo; "The Merry Ballad of the Cornish Pasty" (three illustrations), by R. Morton Nance; and "Two Noble Dames" (two portraits)—Margaret Godolphin and Grace Lady Grenville—by A. H. Norway.

In commenting upon the Anglo-American banquet, "C. K. S." in the *Illustrated London News* remarks: "From one point of view, it is true, the dinner was not particularly well managed. The organisers evidently knew nothing of half their guests, and showed not the slightest tact in sorting them. It was rather quaint, for example, to see one of the most learned men in England—a brilliant classical scholar—sitting side by side with a representative of the newest of new journalism, whose genius runs rather in the direction of catering for the million than in adapting himself to the one-hundred-and-odd people who care about Greek verse." But we decline to sympathise with "one of the most learned men in England." The newest of new journalists is probably the very man with whom it was well he should come into contact.

MR. DENT has not long remained in possession of *The Idler*. He bought it some few months ago, and has only just succeeded in making the change of control perceptible. But now he sells it again to a young gentleman from the University of Oxford.

THE two first volumes—constituting *Sense and Sensibility*—of Mr. Grant Richards's Winchester Edition of Jane Austen lie before us. They are satisfying both to eye and touch. The cover is of a smooth and sober green, the paper is stout and white, and the type which Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, have employed is noble. It was time that Miss Austen had this generous treatment. A portrait of the novelist, from a painting by her sister Cassandra, forms the demure frontispiece.

LORD ROSEBERY has not yet definitely decided what to do with "Lady Stair's House." Two schemes are under consideration. On the one hand, his Lordship feels half inclined, it seems, to fit up the house as an occasional residence; but there are obvious objections. The Lawnmarket certainly ranks among the least desirable residential parts of Edinburgh. The alternative proposal is to turn the house into a Sir Walter Scott Museum. Its associations with the tradition upon which Scott's story, *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, is founded makes its devotion to such a purpose the more appropriate.

No one appears to be inclined to do for Allan Ramsay's house—another of the historical and literary landmarks of the Scottish capital—what Lord Rosebery has done for Lady Stair's house. The quaint old building at the head of Halkerston Wynd, in the High-street of Edinburgh, is the only remaining memorial of the author of the once famous "Gentle Shepherd"—and it is doomed to destruction. It was here, "at the sign of the Mercurie," that honest Allan for the most part lived, and laboured in manifold capacities. In 1725 he removed to the Luckenbooths, and later he built his celebrated "goosepie" on the slope of the Castle Hill; but nearly all his publications were issued "at the sign of the Mercurie." Moreover, the shop in the

Luckenbooths—afterwards occupied for many years by Creech—has been swept away; and the "goosepie" has been incorporated by Prof. Geddes in his University Hall scheme, and has lost its separate identity. Perhaps this last would have appeared to Allan the most severe blow. For he was extremely proud of the little lodge which he erected for himself, and was surprised that its fantastic octagon shape excited the mirth rather than the admiration of his fellow-citizens. It was the wags of the town who first dubbed it a "goosepie," and the story is told that on Allan complaining of this to Lord Eli-bank, the latter replied: "Indeed, Allan, when I see you in it I think they are not far wrong."

MR. MARION CRAWFORD in his forthcoming novel will be found to have forsaken modern life for the nonce. It is a romance of the second Crusade. He is also at work on a volume of Italian history.

MR. GEORGE MOORE, whose new novel, *Evelyn Innes*, has been boycotted by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, takes his adversity (or advertisement) without either anger or resentment. In an interview published by the *Chronicle* his attitude is set forth. Mr. Moore's *Esther Waters* was boycotted in the same way, but it has been proved, he holds, that it was a morality. Therefore Messrs. Smith & Son boycotted a morality. Mr. Moore does not, he says, mind that:

"What I am sorry for is, that after having discovered their mistake, they have not yet tried to set themselves straight with their conscience. They have libelled me, and have not withdrawn the libel. This is a serious matter for them, not for me. I cannot fancy any position more painful than to discover that one has libelled a fellow-creature, and sooner or later Messrs. Smith will seek to make reparation. Conscience has a way of finding us out. After years men have refunded sums of money which they owed to the revenue on account of false declarations regarding their income."

The spectacle of the conscience-stricken Messrs. Smith & Son advancing to Mr. Moore to make reparation is one that we should wish to witness.

SUBSEQUENTLY, in the same conversation, Mr. Moore returned to this point, and thus answered a *Pall Mall* reviewer's question: "What is the central idea of *Evelyn Innes*?" "I have expressed my conviction," said Mr. Moore, "that sooner or later conscience will force Messrs. Smith to make reparation to me. None can persist in wrong-doing. It is too uncomfortable. And that, by a curious irony of fate, is the very theme of the book which Messrs. Smith have boycotted." Meanwhile Messrs. Mudie are circulating five hundred copies.

WHAT promises to be a very interesting series of books has been projected by Messrs. Duckworth, and is now in preparation. This is a library of typical modern plays of all civilised nations, translated into English. The general editors are R. Brimley Johnson and N. Erichsen, and the following volumes are now in progress:

Henrik Isben's *Lov's Comedy* (*Kjærligheden's Komedie*), translated by C. F. Keary; Maurice Maeterlinck's *Intérieur*, translated by William Archer, and *La Mort de Tin-tangles* and *Alladine et Palomides*, translated by Alfred Sutro; Villiers de l'Isle Adam's *La Révolte* and *L'Evasion*, translated by Theresa Barclay; Sergius Stepniak's *The Convert*, translated by Constance Garnett; Emile Verhaeren's *Les Aubes*, translated by Arthur Symons; August Strindberg's *The Father* (*Faderen*), translated by N. Erichsen; Ostrovsky's *The Storm*, translated by Constance Garnett; Brioux's *Les Bienfaiteurs*, translated by Lucas Malet; and Henryk Sienkiewicz's *On a Single Card*, translated by E. L. Voynich.

To Messrs. Boussod Valadon's superb series of historical monographs, which already includes Bishop Creighton's *Queen Elizabeth*, Sir John Skelton's *Queen Mary*, and Mr. Holmes's *Queen Victoria*, Mr. Andrew Lang will contribute *The Young Pretender* and Mr. S. R. Gardiner *Cromwell*.

In these days nothing escapes the novelist, as Mr. Lang pointed out at the Booksellers' Dinner. The earth is theirs and the sea, the air is theirs and the stars that swim in space. They do the work of historian and evolutionist, biographer and sociologist. So much preamble to the statement that the worst is upon us: an American—a translator of Tolstoi, and therefore one who ought to know better—has written a novel around Omar Khayyam. *Omar the Tent-Maker* is his title, and the scene is laid in Khorasan, and Hassan el Sabah is a prominent character. The prospect is terrible.

MR. CONAN DOYLE's latest novel, *The Tragedy of the "Korosko"*, has met with a criticism which the author is likely to have some difficulty in rebutting. "The 'Tremont Presbyterian Church,'" says a correspondent of the *Book Buyer*, "may go down with foreigners, but not with New Englanders. They know there is no Presbyterian church in Boston."

IN major poetry England easily leads, but American minor poetry is perhaps a few degrees better than our own. There is a crisper manner across the Atlantic, a clearer sense of what is to be said, a gayer movement. In a recent *Nation* we find some dozen native singers dealt with, and nearly all repay notice. Among them is Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson with a slim volume, entitled *The Children of the Night*, from which we take this worthy little sonnet:

"THE CLERKS."

I did not think that I should find them there
When I came back again; but there they stood,
As in the days they dreamed of when young
blood
Was in their cheeks and women called them
fair.
Be sure, they met me with an ancient air—
And yes, there was a shopworn brotherhood
About them; but the men were just as good,
And just as human as they ever were.

And you that ache so much to be sublime,
And you that feed yourselves with your descent,
What comes of all your visions and your fears?
Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,
Tiering the same dull webs of discontent,
Clipping the same sad alnage of the years."

And another volume, entitled, with fearsome hideousness, *What can I do for Brady?* by Mr. Charles F. Johnson, yields this excellent piece of rhymed criticism:

"THE SHAKESPEARIAN PHRASE.

He took ten words from our English speech :
Two were such as mothers teach
Their children when they croon them rhymes
Or teach them legends of old times,
One he learned from his father's men,
One he picked up from 'rare old Ben,'
Two he heard Marlowe use one day
At the Mitre Tavern after the play,
One he recalled from a ballad rude
That his comrades sang in Lucy's Wood,
Two he had heard on London street—
A verb and a noun now obsolete,
But full of pith in Elizabeth's reign—
And one he found in old Montaigne.

He set the Saxon words beside
The high-born Latin words of pride,
And lo! the ten words joined together
To make a phrase which lives for ever—
An immortal phrase of beauty and wit,
A luminous thought the soul of it,
But with no baffling wordy fence
Between the reader and the sense.
Genius finds in our every-day words
The music of the woodland birds,
Discloses hidden beauty furled
In the commonplace stuff of the every-day
world,
And for her highest vision looks
To the world of men, not the world of books."

APPROPOS American poetry, the following notice has claims upon the connoisseur of unconscious irony:—"Mr. Blank's stirring battle-song, 'Remember the Maine,' will be issued with fitting music by Mr. Dash, the well-known composer, whose compositions, notably the universally known hymn 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' are so widely known."

THE interest shown by Americans in their first foreign war has led to a reissue of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's famous story, *The Man Without a Country*, with a new and timely preface. Here is a sentence showing how the story has been topicalised: "The man who, by his sneers, or by looking backward, or by revealing his country's secrets to her enemy, delays for one hour peace between Spain and this Nation is, to all intents and purposes, 'A man without a Country.' He has not damned the United States in a spoken oath. All the same, he is a dastard child."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's first two War articles for *Scribner's Magazine* will appear in the July number. They are "The First Shot of the War" and "The First Bombardment" (Matanzas), with snapshots of life on the flagship *New York* and a portrait of Ensign Boone, who fired the first shot to kill. Mr. Davis will write of the war for no other magazine.

AN article in the *Conservator* yields the following characteristic story of Walt Whitman: "Once," said the dean of a great university to the writer, "I called on Walt Whitman with a number of my fellow professors. The old man received us with that gentle courtesy which was characteristic, and among other things he asked me kindly: 'And what do you do?' I said that I held the chair of metaphysics and logic at my university. The old poet gave a reassuring smile as one who encourages a child, and answered: 'Logic and metaphysics; ah, yes, I suppose we have to have people to look after these things even if they don't exist.'

We take the following from the *Daily Mail*:

"A crowd of Manx farmers and others who attended a sale by auction of a large farming estate known as Ballamheve, near Ramsey, were surprised to find Mr. Hall Caine among the bidders. It is said that the farm possesses a fascination for Mr. Caine, owing to its being the reputed home of a certain 'fairy doctor.' The man of letters was the first to set the ball rolling with a bid of £6,250. He was opposed by a Mr. R. Camley, who is a member of the Manx Legislature, but Mr. Caine kept his end up until he offered £7,200. Mr. Camley declined to go further, but as the reserve was £7,600 the property was not sold. The 'fairy doctor,' therefore, remains in undisputed possession."

MR. M. SOUTHWELL writes: "Might I ask you kindly to note that I will issue, in a few days, a poetical satire, entitled *Cockney Critics and their Little Games*, by Junius Secundus." Certainly.

THE present week has yielded two volumes of peculiar interest to writers. One, which comes from across the Atlantic—*Some Common Errors of Speech*—is alluded to in our Fiction Supplement; the other is of native manufacture, *The Mistakes We Make*, by Mr. C. E. Clark (C. Arthur Pearson). Mr. Clark is more general than the American censor, but both writers have common ground. Among "Some Literary Stumbling-Blocks" Mr. Clark includes many stock misquotations, such as "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," for "Water, water, everywhere, nor any drop to drink"; and "Fresh fields and pastures new," for "Fresh woods and pastures new"; and "The even tenor of their way" for "The noiseless tenor of their way"; and "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," for "When Greek joins Greek then was the tug of war." Mr. Clark also corrects a number of traditional misapprehensions. Dr. Johnson, for instance, never used the phrase "We will take a walk down Fleet-street"; the words were invented for him by Mr. Sala as a motto for *Temple Bar*. The Duke of Wellington never said "Up, Guards, and at them." Napoleon never called the English "A nation of shopkeepers": it was Adam Smith. And what Sir Robert Walpole said was not "Every man has his price," but "All these men have their price."

PURE FABLES.

FORM.

CIRCUMSTANCE got a poet by the throat, and well-nigh squeezed the life out of him. And the poet begged, chokingly, for mercy.

"Will you write fiction, then?" quoth Circumstance.

"Yes," gasped the poet, "I suppose I must!"

So that he went and fashioned a plot, and set it round with his best; eschewing only rhyme and measure.

And forthwith Circumstance began to be very kind to him.

And the poet laughed in his sleeve.

MEETINGS.

The sun and the moon had heard a great deal of each other.

And one afternoon they chanced to be in the firmament together.

"Washed out!" said the sun.

"Jaundiced!" said the moon.

ADVICE.

"You should endeavour to cultivate epigrammatic brevity."

"No doubt! . . . But isn't there a lot more money in elegant diffuseness?"

MOBBED.

A popular writer complained that it was impossible for him to go abroad without being followed and stared upon by gaping vulgarity.

"You shouldn't have had so many photographs taken," said his friend.

T. W. H. C.

A NEW DICTIONARY AND SOME OMISSIONS.

THE publication of a new dictionary sets one to discover how far the editor has descended to admit new words, and what others he considers obsolete. Is it accurate to say, for example, as *Chambers's English Dictionary* says, that "temerarious" is obsolete? It was a word dear to Sir Thomas Browne, and, no doubt, the revival of interest in Browne shown by the publication, first, of Dr. Greenhill's excellent edition of the *Religio Medici*, and, a month or two ago, of an edition by another physician, accounts for the revival of the word "temerarious." Mr. Stevenson uses it, even of a thing, in the first page of his well-known story *The Suicide Club*. Certainly, to say that there is a revival of this adjective cannot be called temerarious. It has been often used during the last few years in the literary weeklies, and more recently has crept into the daily papers. And what for no? as Mr. Lang would say. It might be urged with just as much, or as little, truth that "arride," a verb used by Charles Lamb in the sense of to please, is obsolete. It is coming into fairly frequent use again, it is true, but the word is not met very often. The new dictionary records its use by Lamb.

Is this not a case where a later author's name might have been also given? By the way, if one may judge by Ben Jonson's definition of it in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, the word was then not much known.

The definition of the decadents as a "school in modern French literature not distinguished for vigour or originality" shows Scotch combativeness, as well as a lack of fulness. Max Nordau and Tolstoi are much more comprehensive. What about the English decadents? Has none of them been original? The abundance of Scotch words tends to show, perhaps, that Chambers's has more sympathy with the Kailyard. It reminds me of the curt dismissal of Nietzsche, by a certain biographical dictionary, as a madman, a useful word—or one like it—for a British jury of twelve. "Documentation" is given under "document," but not its specific sense derived from the hackneyed phrase, the "human document," of the Goncourts.

Similarly, "motivation" is found, a word that Mr. Archer has borrowed from the German—he talks of the "motivation" of a play. The adjective "concinuous," harmonious, is not stated to be rare, though the *Century Dictionary* says it is. Mr. Grant Allen recently spoke of Horace's "nice concinnity," and the latest dictionary has the word. It also has a pet word of Stevenson's—"aleatory," i.e., depending on a contingent event.

Current slang is represented in Chambers's. There is no attempt at the etymology of "oof." The editor might have added to the gaiety of the dictionary by citing the fanciful derivation from the Latin *ovum*, an egg, the reference being to the goose that laid the golden eggs. Under "salvation" we might have had "Salvation Sally," for a Salvation Army girl. "Bouncer" is found, but not the more expressive Americanism, "bounder." The bounder, by the way, was not known to the *New English Dictionary* a dozen years ago. But Mr. Walkley, in *Cosmopolis*, says that "we in England are apt to call Molière's young men 'bounders,' and his young maidens 'dolls.'" One looks in vain for Mr. Lang's "boomster." However, we get both "boom" and "slump." We find to prig, meaning to steal. But though the dictionary has "snaffling-lay," the trade of highwayman, it does not give Mr. Kipling's "snaffle," which means to steal. Besides the "crib" of the lazy schoolboy, we have, with the same meaning, "trot," "horse," and "pony." As early as 1818, Greville, in his famous *Mémoirs*, writes: "He is equally well amused whether the play is high or low, but the stake he prefers is fives and ponies"—slang, of course, for £25. By a pony is also sometimes meant a small glass of beer. But "crib," as slang for a situation, is not mentioned. It is curious that "mouse" should mean both a term of familiar endearment and a black-eye. The word is used in the former sense in "Hamlet": "Let the bloat king . . . call you his mouse." There are many zoological terms of endearment—chick, duck, dove, lamb. The *New English Dictionary* notes that Browning uses "dove" as a transitive verb—"loved you and doved

you." "Dump," as a colloquial term for a small coin (so used by Mr. Birrell), and "dumps," money in general, are curious modern usages.

We do not get the American "boodle" or "Boodler," both of which are coming into use in London, even without the safeguard of inverted commas, in the sense of "gain from public cheating of any kind," and a man who lives by such plunder. The *New English Dictionary* says that boodle = sinews of war; "soap" may be a different word from "buddle." From the *Century* we get the useful suggestion that the seventeenth-century "buddle" may have been taken, with other slang, from the Dutch, in Elizabeth's time.

In the United States they also have the expressive "caboodle." We have "thick" defined as a colloquial word meaning in fast friendship. We might have had the vulgarism, "thick," or "too thick." An unfortunate story teller is quoted by the ACADEMY as saying that one of his stories was considered by a publisher too "thick."

It will arride journalists to find "newsy," a word sanctioned by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. But they will not find "leaderette," which Mr. Lang abhors. The dictionary does give "nouvelette," a neologism employed by Dr. Garnett to describe Peacock's short novel, *Maid Marian*. Mr. Fisher Unwin, it will be remembered, called one of his series of short stories *Little Novels*. Chambers's might have found room for Mr. Stevenson's "mingle-mangle," meaning a jumble. For the first half of the word, used as a noun, we can cite a passage in "Antony and Cleopatra." By the way, a Parliamentary descriptive writer aptly described the proceedings in the House of Commons until Easter as a "mingle-mangle." Since "darky," used by Dickens in its slang sense of a policeman's lantern, is given, why not "duffer," which Hood used, and to which Mr. Henry James has given a literary *cachet*? "Johnny," defined as "a simpleton or a fellow generally," is here; so is "dude." The latter bit of slang, which, the *Century* said, was made in London, reminds us of the Boston preacher's announcement that he would preach on "the dude Absalom." We do, however, get an occasional gleam of humour, as when the "Land o' the Leal" is defined as "the home of the blessed after death—Paradise, not Scotland." I looked with interest for the useful "labourist," which was coined by the late Prof. Minto in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* during the General Election of 1892. I did not find it, however. Nevertheless, Chambers's is much fuller and more scholarly than any of the cheaper English dictionaries.

M.

THE EDITOR OF THE LATE *LARK*.

A YEAR OR two ago many literary Londoners were startled and amused and pleased by a weird esoteric periodical called the *Lark*, which had reached these shores from San Francisco. Certain poems and illustrations created a distinct impression—especially the

celebrated "Purple Cow." The editor of the *Lark* was Mr. Gelett Burgess, and Mr. Gelett Burgess has just arrived in London, with the aim of getting an inside view of Fleet-street and things journalistic in England.

"Tell me about the *Lark*," I said to Mr. Burgess.

"To begin with, you mustn't say anything about the Purple Cow; I'm sick of it. Do you think if you tried you could keep that notorious animal out of the interview?"

"I could if I tried," I said.

"Well, do what you can. The *Lark* was written and illustrated by quite a small San Franciscan group, which called itself *Les Jeunes*. When this group scattered, having been bidden to wider spheres, the thing expired. But it ran for two years—twenty-four numbers. Bruce Porter was one of the best men on it. You will hear of him some day. By the way, he did the first statue to Stevenson that was put up in America. I used to produce most of the writing, and some of the pictures too."

"Of course, the *Lark* was purely whimsical?"

"Nothing of the kind. It contained a lot of serious work. All its poetry was serious. We went through, for instance, every one of the old French forms. Many people were considerably struck by the poetry; and W. D. Howells urged me to republish it in book form."

"Where did you learn to draw?"
"!"

I repeated the question.

"I can't draw, but if you give me a pencil I can make something funny."

I gave him a pencil and he drew some pictures of "The Goops." Now the Goops are a race of people that the readers of *St. Nicholas* will know all about next year. Mr. Burgess has written and illustrated a serial entitled "Goopbabies: a Manual of Manners for Polite Infants." Some time or other he is going to write the history of Goopland.

"And after the *Lark*?"

"The *Lark* was the first of a series of magazines that I created and killed. There was *Le Petit Journal des Refusées*, a wild burlesque of the fad magazines which had sprung up in America. It was printed on wall paper, in a trapezoid shape, and every number was different."

"How long did that run?"
"It ran for one number."

"And then?"

"Then came *Phyllida; or, the Milk Maid*, a bi-weekly serious review meant to revive the manners and customs of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. The typography was something splendid. But it didn't go. For two reasons: First, if it had been literary, San Francisco wouldn't have bought it; and, secondly, it wasn't literary. See?"

"Perfectly."

"It ran for two numbers. Then, in partnership with Oliver Herford, the artist, I projected *L'Enfant Terrible*—this was in New York. We worked at it frightfully hard for two months, after which the scheme subsided. In the end I produced the first number alone, and surprised Herford by publishing it. This was a weird Bab-

ballady sort of thing. Its existence was brief. That was the last of my magazines."

"And afterwards?"

"Last winter I spent in New York writing for *Harper's*, the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, and some other magazines. And I published a book called *Vivette*—fiction—that I hope will soon be published on this side also. Finally, I came to London, partly to see the Stevensons, whom I knew very well in the Latin quarter of San Francisco, and partly to pick up experience."

"How long shall you stay here?"

"Don't know. I'm going to write."

"Write what?"

"Well, my speciality is the whimsical, imaginative, subtle, rather precious sort of essay and story—essentially whimsical. A sort of throw-the-reins-on-the-horse's-back-and-let-go style. We accomplished some *tours de force* with the English language in the *Lark*, you know—quite legitimate effects, too."

"What is your opinion of English journalism?"

Mr. Burgess retired behind his glinting spectacles and considered.

"It's too rigid—ought to be more plastic. It wants originality. In a town that starts two or three new papers every week there should be scope for the absolutely spontaneous. But I don't seem to see it yet. However, I have heard of one or two forthcoming publications that sound attractive. I'm very interested in the new *Butterfly*—though I never saw the old one. My idea is that some paper ought to offer an annual prize for the most original—original, mind you!—thing published during the year. People don't dare to express themselves here. Of course it must be literary, but it must also be spontaneous. Yes, I know about the ACADEMY's annual prize. That's a splendid thing, but it doesn't cover the ground that I want to see covered. Spontaneity, that's the keynote."

E. A. B.

STEVENSON AS HUMORIST.

NEXT to not being appreciated at all, to be appreciated unintelligently must be the bitterest fate that can befall an author, and this seems to me to have been, to some extent at least, the fate of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has been acclaimed as the author of *Kidnapped*, he has been acclaimed as the poet of *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Enthusiastic people have compared him to Walter Scott, and his prose style—a very charming, though highly artificial style—has received extravagant praise from all and sundry. The only part of his writings which his critics seem determined to pass over in silence or contempt is his humorous work, *The Wrong Box*, *The New Arabian Nights*, and *The Dynamiter*. And yet it cannot be denied that in these Stevenson showed himself possessed of a really individual vein of humour which was copied from no one, which was fresh and spontaneous and original, and, in fact, everything which his mannered artificial romances were not. I

am not concerned here with depreciating any portion of Stevenson's work, or denying it the merits which it unquestionably possesses. Indeed, it would be absurd to ignore the merit of such a book as *Treasure Island* on the one hand, or of stories like "Will o' the Mill," "Markheim," or "The Pavilion on the Links" on the other: I am only concerned in pointing out the curious fact that, in the chorus of praise which has been lavished upon Stevenson, that portion of his work which is most original, which is most individual, has met with least recognition. Stevenson's essays are charming as the expression of a sane, courageous, good-humoured attitude towards life, but it would never astonish me to find that somebody else had written, or was writing, just such essays. *The New Arabian Nights* and *The Dynamiter*, on the contrary, are unique in literature. Prince Florizel and the young man with the cream tarts, Zero and the Fair Cuban, are Stevenson's creations. They belong to a world of their own. No one else before him ever thought of drawing such people, and no one can do so in the future, except as a mere imitator. Again, it is the fashion to decry or ignore *The Wrong Box*. Yet no one else before ever wrote a book quite in that *genre* or imagined the convention which made such a book possible. We have had plenty of farces on the stage, and the farcical convention, in the theatre at least, is well understood. But no one save Stevenson ever conceived the idea of writing a novel which should be pure farce from beginning to end, and only a humorist of the highest order could have carried out that idea successfully. A single touch of seriousness in the book would have marred the whole. Its absurdity is its sole justification, and Stevenson, with astonishing skill, kept up its farcical extravagance and its exquisite unreality to the last.

The book is so little read that it may be worth while to sketch the outline of its plot, if only that my readers may recognise what Stevenson called its "judicious levity." Joseph and Masterman Finsbury are the sole survivors of a "tontine" of thirty-seven lives. Whichever of them outlives the other will come in for thirty-seven thousand pounds, plus compound interest for some sixty years. The expectant legatees of each are naturally eager that their candidate should live longest. There is a railway accident, and Morris Finsbury believes that his Uncle Joseph, whose leather business he manages and practically owns, has perished in it. More than that, he identifies what he believes to be his corpse by its clothes. He determines, however, to pretend that Uncle Joseph is still alive, hoping that when Masterman dies in due course he may be able to claim the Tontine. So, with the help of his brother John, he packs the corpse in a water-butt, and sends it by train to his London house. But by the same train travels a packing-case containing a gigantic statue of Hercules, consigned to W. D. Pitman, artist, which has been smuggled over from Italy. A mischievous person changes the labels in the guard's van, and Morris, on returning to town, finds his hall blocked with a giant packing-case, containing a hideous but

valuable antique, while the water-butt, he learns at the station, has gone to W. D. Pitman. Morris hacks the incriminating statue to pieces with the coal axe and buries it in the garden. Pitman, with the fear of the police before his eyes, endeavours to dispose of the corpse. With this in view, he consults a friendly solicitor, Michael Finsbury, who chances to be none other than the only son of Masterman, the other survivor of the Tontine. Michael concocts the absurd plan of transferring the corpse to the inside of a Broadwood grand piano, and leaving it, with that instrument, in some chambers in the Temple of which he chances to possess a key. Matters are further complicated by the fact that Morris Finsbury has persuaded himself that Masterman is really dead, and that Michael, who declines to produce him for inspection, is only pretending that he is still alive in order to secure the Tontine, while, to add to his troubles, Morris can get no money from the bank, since the account is in Uncle Joseph's name, and he can get none from the moribund leather business, because that also nominally belongs to Uncle Joseph.

More of the plot need not be disclosed, but it may be said that the book keeps up its level of fantastic absurdity to the end. Nor is its humour merely the humour of incident. The characterisation is admirable, and the style is not merely charming (as all Stevenson's writing is), but is informed with a good humour and high spirits which are irresistible. This is how, in the parallel columns familiar to lovers of *Robinson Crusoe*, the unhappy Morris sums up his position when he finds that his water-butt containing the body of his uncle has been sent to Pitman:

"BAD. GOOD.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. I have lost my uncle's body.
2. I have lost the Tontine.
3. I have lost the leather business and the rest of my uncle's succession. | 1. But then I no longer require to bury it.
2. But I may still save that if Pitman disposes of the body, and I can find a physician who will stick at nothing.
3. But not if Pitman gives the body up to the police. |
|--|--|

"Oh! but in that case I go to jail; I had forgot that," interpolates Morris, and begins again:

"BAD. GOOD.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3. But not if I can leather business and find a physician who the rest of my uncle's will stick at nothing. | 3. But not if I can get the leather business; and then that he's alive—but here we are again at incompatible interests! |
|---|---|

"This venal doctor seems quite a desideratum, he reflects. 'I want him first to give me a certificate that my uncle is dead, so that I may get the leather business; and then that he's alive—but here we are again at incompatible interests!' and he returned to his tabulation:

"BAD. GOOD.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 4. I have almost no money. | 4. But there is plenty in the bank. |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|

BAD.

5. Yes; but I can't get the money in the bank.

6. I have left the bill for £800 in Uncle Joseph's pocket.

7. Yes; but if Pitman is dishonest and finds the bill, he will know who Joseph is, and he may blackmail me.

8. But I can't blackmail Michael (which is, besides, a very dangerous thing to do) until I find out.

9. The leather business will soon want money for current expenses, and I have none to give.

10. Yes; but it's all the ship I have.

11. John will soon want money, and I have none to give.

12. And the venal doctor will want money down.

13. And if Pitman is dishonest, and don't send me to jail, he will want a fortune.

'Oh, this seems to be a very one-sided business,' cries Morris in conclusion.'

The Wrong Box (on the title-page of which, I should have said before, Mr. Lloyd Osborne also figures) is so full of delicious nonsense that it is a temptation to quote more of it, but nothing save reading it will enable anyone to understand how delicious it is. *The Dynamiter* (associated with Mrs. Stevenson) is, perhaps, a little better known, but even among Stevenson lovers there are many who have never read it. And yet the scene in which Somerset visits his dynamiter lodger, and finds himself sitting with him in a room full of explosive machines which have all been set going by their desponding owner is one of the most genuinely humorous things in modern literature. Moreover, the whole idea of meeting the "ugly devil of crime" not with fiery denunciations but with the cold water of merciless ridicule, is too ingenious and, in its author's hands, too successful not to deserve due recognition. As for the exquisite absurdities of Sir John Vandeleur and his wife in "*The Rajah's Diamond*," readers of *The New Arabian Nights* will know how to appreciate them at their full worth. They are the good wine which, emphatically, needs no bush.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

GOOD.

5. But—well, that seems unhappily to be the case.

6. But, if Pitman is only a dishonest man, the presence of this bill may lead him to keep the whole thing dark, and throw the body into the New Cut.

7. Yes; but if I am right about Uncle Masterman, I can blackmail Michael.

8. Worse luck!

9. But the leather business is a sinking ship.

10. A fact.

11.

12.

13.

DRAMA.

THE new piece at the Court is suitable to the season. It is light, airy, gossamer, and makes no strain upon the intellectual resources of the audience. "His Excellency the Governor" is in the nature of a summer entertainment, and will probably prove more acceptable at the present moment to Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's patrons than a play of heavier calibre would. Criticism, under the circumstances, may well be expected to deal gently with its defects. For defects Mr. R. Marshall's "farical romance" undoubtedly possesses. Constructively, it lacks cohesion; the author's hold upon his subject is at times manifestly uncertain, while his desire to be brilliant at all costs occasionally leads him into tortuous by-paths, from which no issue is to be found, save at the sacrifice of good taste. The most glaring fault in the piece is, however, the author's lack of sincerity. With such scant ceremony does he treat his characters that the listener may easily be pardoned if he, too, fail to believe in them or their actions. Now, even in farce it is essential that the earnestness of those on the stage should be beyond all dispute. This is a truth perfectly understood and invariably acted upon by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose pupil Mr. Marshall obviously is. One conspicuous difference between the two is, however, that while Mr. Gilbert, starting from an extravagant premiss, always progresses towards a logical conclusion by consistent means, Mr. Marshall, on the contrary, too frequently allows himself to be diverted from the direct course by his love for the purely farcical. "His Excellency the Governor" starts with the promising idea that once in every hundred years an aloe, indigenous to the Amandaland Islands, bursts into blossom, producing and disseminating a yellow dust which possesses all the properties of a powerful love-philtre. This is a capital notion to begin with; it may be remembered that Mr. Gilbert himself used one not altogether dissimilar in "The Mountebanks." But in his treatment of it Mr. Marshall somehow seems to go astray, the result being a certain impression of confusion and inconsequence produced on the minds of the audience.

THE piece, notwithstanding, is just the sort of thing to provoke a couple of hours' unreflecting laughter, for it has movement, brightness, and humour. It is impossible not to grow merry over the discomfiture of the prim and precise Cabinet Minister, the Right Hon. Henry Carlton, who, under the influence of the irresistible pollen, falls a victim to the wiles of the bewitching variety artist Stella de Gex. No less droll are the adventures of the three forsaken bachelors, Sir Montagu Martin, the Governor; and Captain Carew and Mr. John Baverstock, respectively his A.D.C. and private secretary, who find themselves rivals for the hand and heart of pretty Ethel Carlton. A further complication is provided by the introduction of a

fancied native rising, which in the end turns out to be dictated simply by the inhabitants' wish to do honour to the newly arrived Cabinet Minister. In all this there is ample material for merriment, although the author's skill has not always proved quite equal to its manipulation in the most profitable manner. This circumstance, coupled with an unfortunate want of preparedness on the part of some of the artists, served in no small measure to jeopardise the success of the piece. Mr. Allan Aynesworth has still to acquire greater rapidity of speech and quickness of action before his sketch of Sir Montagu can be considered satisfactory. Mr. Paul Arthur, if a little slow here and there, gave an excellent account of the part of Captain Carew, and Mr. Dion Boucicault was agreeably eccentric as Baverstock, the most effectively drawn character in the farce. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's portrait of Stella, vivacious, bright, and refreshingly impudent, was as good as could be desired, and Miss Nellie Thorne, while somewhat overburdened by the part, played very sweetly and charmingly as Ethel.

OF the various afternoon performances given during the past few days one only deserves notice. Indeed, if anything could bring the experimental *matinée* into further disrepute it would be the experience of the last week. "Sue," however, for many reasons stands wholly removed from the category referred to. The production of Messrs. Bret Harte and T. Edgar Pemberton's play was due less to any idea of exploiting a new drama than to a desire to show Miss Annie Russell, the American actress, in a part worthy of her powers. "Sue," an adaptation of Bret Harte's story, "The Judgment of Bolinas Plain," is an unequal piece of work, at some points impinging upon the crudest melodrama, and at others hardly to be distinguished from burlesque. But in its rough-and-ready fashion it is not without merit. In sentiment, tone, and humour the piece is eminently characteristic of many of Bret Harte's tales. The heroine is a fresh young girl, whose innocence and purity have emerged untarnished from the roughest and coarsest associations. Driven to the step by her father, she marries a man for whom she has no real affection, only to awaken three years later to what she believes to be the great passion of her life. A strolling acrobat, as unprincipled as he is fascinating, catches her fancy, and with the impetuosity of ignorance she throws herself into his arms. But the illusion is speedily dispelled, luckily before any mischief has been done, and humiliated and repentant Sue returns to beg her husband's forgiveness. In the background of the picture may be discerned a number of familiar figures such as Bret Harte is wont to set upon his canvas: the drunken, ne'er-do-well father, whose conversation is a mixture of acrid humour and mawkish sentiment; the good-hearted parson; the Sheriff, a coarse bully with a strange belief in his powers over the feminine heart; and Judge Lynch in company with the members of the Vigilance Committee, whose code of ethics includes murder and robbery among

minor offences, but regards the slightest courtesy to a woman as a crime punishable by death.

In many ways Miss Annie Russell is unquestionably a remarkable actress. So far as can be judged, her equipment is almost complete, save in respect of the ability to express the highest forms of emotion. Occasional glimpses there are in her performance of genuine passion, but they are neither sufficiently enduring nor sufficiently forcible to justify the belief that her powers in this direction are absolute. In scenes of simple pathos she is, however, matchless; the quality of her voice is so beautiful and so sympathetic that its appeal is irresistible. Particularly fragile, and by no means striking in appearance, it is by sheer force of her art that she eventually conquers. At the moment I can recall no English artist to whom she can be compared. Her performance, moreover, gives the impression that throughout she is acting under a certain sense of restraint; that possibly in a part yielding greater opportunities she would still further astonish us by her capabilities. For that, however, we must be content to wait. Meanwhile, she has succeeded in thoroughly establishing her position in this country, and it will be a pity if she is allowed to return to America without affording us additional proof of her talent. To the support given her in "Sue" unreserved praise is due. Seldom has so good an all-round representation been witnessed on the London stage. It is conceivable, of course, that part of the effect created is the result of novelty; the novelty inherent in a cast, entirely American, whose ways and manners differ essentially from those of English artists, with whose tricks and methods we are all only too familiar. Yet, even allowing for this, it would be unjust not to speak in high terms of the freshness and the originality of the performance.

M. W.

THE BOOK MARKET.

OUGHT STATIONERS' HALL TO BE ABOLISHED?

NOW that a Special Committee of the House of Lords is engaged in hearing evidence bearing upon the general subject of copyright, and particularly upon Lord Herschell's new Copyright Bill, we would suggest that they direct special attention to the question of registration and to the position of Stationers' Hall.

As it now stands Lord Herschell's Bill makes little or no alteration in the existing arrangements for registration. The clauses run:

"Registration.

(1) There shall be kept in the hall of the Stationers Company, by an officer (hereinafter called the Registrar) to be appointed by the Stationers Company, a book of registry wherein may be registered the proprietorship of the copyright or performing right in any literary

work, or of the copyright in any artistic work or of any assignments thereof, and any assignment so entered shall be effectual in law without being subject to any stamp or duty, and shall be of the same force and effect as if such assignment had been made by deed.

(2) The fee payable to the registrar for each entry in the register shall be fixed by the Stationers Company, but shall not exceed in respect of a literary work the sum of two shillings and sixpence, and in respect of an artistic work the sum of one shilling.

(3) The book of registry shall be open at all reasonable times to public inspection on payment of the sum of one shilling.

(4) The registrar shall, whenever reasonably required, give a copy of any entry, certified under his hand and impressed with the stamp of the Stationers Company provided by them for that purpose to any person requiring the same, on payment to him of the sum of five shillings, and this certificate shall be prima facie proof of the matters therein expressed.

(5) If any person shall deem himself aggrieved by any entry made under colour of this Act in the said book of registry, it shall be lawful for such person to apply by summons to a judge in chambers in any division of the High Court of Justice for an order that such entry may be expunged or varied, and upon any such application the judge shall make such order for expunging, varying, or confirming such entry, either with or without costs as to such judge shall seem just, and the registrar shall, on the production to him of any such order, forthwith comply with the same.

(6) It shall be the duty of the registrar to notify Her Majesty's Customs forthwith, on request of the person registering, the publication of any work, and such notification shall be accepted by Her Majesty's Customs in lieu of the notice heretofore required under the Customs Consolidation Act, 39 & 40 Vict., c. 36, s. 152, without further fee.

(7) Application for registration and the entries in the register shall be in the forms set out in Schedule B hereto, with such modifications therein respectively as the Stationers Company may from time to time prescribe."

Was there ever a more useless and vexatious system? Registration is not compulsory, generally not necessary. The omission to register does not affect copyright, but it does affect the right to bring an action for infringement of that copyright. The registration of a title at Stationers' Hall gives no right over that title, though there seems to be a very general opinion that such is the case. Registration prior to publication offers absolutely no protection, but registration can take place at any time subsequent to publication—indeed, whenever it is desired to bring an action for infringement. In a word, registration, which might easily be a help to author, publisher, and bookseller, is a useless annoyance.

Compulsory registration would, we think, be a boon to all concerned. At present it is impossible to fix accurately the date of publication of any book, and this date is of the utmost importance when arranging for simultaneous publication in order to secure copyright in the United States. And a register of titles is sorely needed. It is impossible to discover whether a title has been used before, and the law is perfectly incomprehensible when it attempts to deal with the right—if any—conferred upon the user of a title. A system of what may well be called blackmail has flourished of late

years, and authors and publishers have incurred heavy losses by cancelling whole editions of books under the threat of an action for infringement of title—an action which would have failed in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The present arrangement of registration at Stationers' Hall lends itself to this confusion. It is not necessary to show a complete copy of a book or periodical in order to register its title, and we have little doubt that many of the publications entered at Stationers' Hall have never been offered to the public.

The remedy for this chaos is, we think, apparent. Why should not the British Museum take over the work of Stationers' Hall? If we remember rightly, such a step was strongly recommended by the Royal Commissioners, but Lord Herschell has ignored the suggestion. Yet it would not be difficult to bring it into operation. The British Museum authorities have everything necessary ready to hand. They've got the men, they've got the books, and they've got the money too. The compulsory delivery to the British Museum, not to mention the other libraries, of a copy of every book and new edition issued has long been one of the standing grievances of the publisher; but if the British Museum did the work, and more than the work, of Stationers' Hall, he would be compensated for his trouble. Why should not the official receipt of this copy be taken as a certificate of registration of copyright? We have compulsory delivery, and compulsory registration follows without any difficulty. At present, literary copyright is an "indefinite property," as one writer on the subject puts it. Compulsory registration at the British Museum would do much to make it more "definite." But Stationers' Hall is an antiquated absurdity.

THE SALE OF SURPLUS LIBRARY NOVELS.

THERE is evidently considerable difference of opinion as to the general effect of circulating libraries on the sale of books, but we fancy authors, publishers, and booksellers will be unanimous in condemning the new system of selling surplus library novels, which, we understand, is to come into operation at Mudie's Library. It is stated that "when the first pressure of demand for any popular novel has begun to slacken, the cleaner copies are to be called in, re-bound, and sold at half price." This practically means that, in future, what is to all intents and purposes a new six-shilling novel will be obtainable for three shillings a short time after publication. Messrs. Mudie are compelled to dispose of their surplus stock, but books have hitherto figured in their catalogues only some considerable time after publication, and they have been sold in the original covers, which are, generally, in a decidedly second-hand condition. If by waiting a week or two—and the "first pressure of demand" only lasts longer than this in very exceptional cases—one is able to save one and sixpence on a six-shilling book—*i.e.*, pay three shillings for what would cost four and sixpence at the booksellers', this arrange-

ment is likely to meet with considerable success. But the publishers, and especially the Publishers' Association, ought to offer a strong and immediate protest. These large libraries seldom do much to create special demand among their readers; they supply as their subscribers order. If they are determined to hinder the sale of new books, it behoves the publisher to make such arrangements with them as will preclude them from offering books at terms with which no bookseller can hope to compete.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ORIENTAL PROSODY.

SIR.—With reference to the metres employed by the poets of Persia and Araby in their compositions, the following, to my knowledge, are the best known metrical forms in use:

Besit $\underline{\text{v}} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v}$
 Kamil $\underline{\text{v}} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \underline{\text{v}} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \underline{\text{v}} \text{---} \text{v}$
 —
 Wāfir $\text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v}$
 Tawil $\text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}} | \text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}} | \text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}} | \text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}}$
 Munsarih $\underline{\text{v}} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---}$
 Mutekārib $\text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}} | \text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}} | \text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}} | \text{v} \text{---} \underline{\text{v}}$
 Chafif $\text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---}$
 Madid $\text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v} \text{---} | \text{v} \text{---} \text{v}$

Strictly speaking, these are Arabian measures, the Tawil being a favourite one with the rhymers of that country. Perhaps I may be permitted to add, in passing, that that which distinguishes Arabic from Persian poetry is a healthful sobriety of tone and its purity. With less imagination than the Persian, the Arab is the better artist of the two. He is no sputterer, to begin with; no sententious wine-bibber, telling you in slushy rhymes: "Sit thee down on the lawn with a pretty girl and a gallon (*min*) of wine by thy side, and thou art a Sufi." The poets of Arabia are more reserved in their expressions. Their legitimate wives are as often as not the heroines of their songs. "As I was riding along in the night," sings Abu Bekr, "the sight of the moon made me think of thee, and I was so overcome by my feelings that I told the driver to turn back with the animals, and here I am myself." These lines are addressed by the poet to his wife Salihā, of whom he was passionately fond. Another poet, Amru Ben Hakim, says of his sweetheart Charka: "If she would only stay with us here from end of the year to the other, what would I care about the spring? She would be spring to me." This is as good as a madrigal. Their heroic songs are full of spirit, especially when love is the question. Says Djemil Ben Abdallah to his intended: "The men of thy tribe, O Botheina! had vowed to kill me. What a pity it is that they did not try it. As soon as they saw me appearing on the top of the hill, they asked one another, Who is that man? pretending not to know me. Welcome! said they to me. God be with you." Some

of their dirges are full of sentiment. Here is what a daughter says in remembering her dead father: "When I happen to hear the name Ali called out, I tremble and shiver like the she-camel that has lost her little one when the voice of the driver bids her go to him."

I refrain from further quotation, for fear of trespassing unduly upon your valuable space. It is quite a relief to turn from Hafiz and Omar Khayyam to the lyrics of the warrior poets of Araby.

THOMAS DELTA.

June 13, 1898.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"The Destroyer" By Benjamin Swift. (Fisher Unwin.) The *Saturday Review* devotes a column and a half to explaining how *The Destroyer* is "really not at all a good novel." Having acknowledged the merit of the author's style and his skill in phrase-making, the critic proceeds:

"But it would be unphilosophical to speak as if Mr. Swift might have written a vivid story if he had not been hampered by the possession of a style. It is nearer the truth to say that his style is the natural concomitant of the reason not of vision, it is the language of commentary rather than of presentation. Let us, as a little example, take the sentence, 'Soon enough they would be thinking that each was sitting in the dust of beauty's and each other's disdain.' It is just what they would not be thinking. Only a time would come when the woman would wear a look, or, in sitting down, entering the room, leaving it, make certain motions which it is the novelist's duty to discover; when the man would say something, meaningless perhaps, and get an answer, also perhaps meaningless, and both would think something very actual and not at all abstract or explanatory, all of which things the novelist should delight in discovering; and then the whole scene, or set of scenes, should move the reader who is of an analytical turn of mind to make some such comment as 'they are sitting in the dust of beauty's and each other's disdain.'

As to the theme ("Love the Destroyer")—Mr. Swift, in fact, does not know what to do with his bogey idea, it only lies about and makes him solemn. There is, also, a certain significance in the fact that the only portion of the book which is at all moving comes early, before the bogey has yet exerted its blighting influence.

In a parenthesis occurs this remarkable utterance:

"Mr. Swift's book is of the kind that is so unreal that every time the reader comes across anything so harmless and necessary as a Christian name he receives a fresh shock."

"As cleverly written as any story that has been published for many a long day," writes the *St. James's*. But:

"Is it really necessary for our cleverest young writers to go astray after sheer epilepsy in their struggles for new motives in modern fiction . . . The shade of Dr. Bede, the mad doctor, is over this volume. It is a long study in epilepsy. Lombroso and Maeterlinck (to the latter of whom the book is dedicated) are its

inspiration. Horrible! But when all is said, and this moan duly made, the conception—repulsive as it is—is finely carried out, and with a master hand. The characters of Edgar, Sir Saul, Lady Rimmon, Violet, Miriam, and her mother are all true sketches. The moral struggles in each case are truly gauged and described. Such cleverness, with such material, is appalling."

The *Chronicle*, comparing the work with its predecessors, *Nancy Noon* and *The Tormentor*, pronounces it "thinner in theme, more obvious in intention, and less distinguished in style than they."

"If we appear to have been hard upon Mr. Swift it is because we have judged him by high standards. Judged by ordinary standards, he would come off quite triumphant. He is not an ordinary novelist by any means; there is not a page of ordinary writing in the volume. There is always a pleasant flavour of originality about him, even when he is least original. If all his characters are not interesting, they are all real enough. There are no dolls in the story. The drama is vibrant with life all through."

"In fine [writes the critic], there is better work here than in *The Tormentor*, better work and fewer blemishes. But it is not so good a book. There is a place in the front rank waiting for Mr. Swift, but he will have to work his way to it. In spite of this disappointment our faith that he will work his way to it remains unshaken."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 16.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE ABIDING STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH. Four Sermons by the Rev. R. S. Myne. Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST, FROM PASCAL. A Commentary by W. B. Morris. Burns & Oates. 3s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"FAMOUS SCOTS" SERIES: WILLIAM DUNBAR. By Oliphant Smeaton. Oliphant, Anderson & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM TERRISS. By Arthur J. Smythe. With an Introduction by Clement Scott. A. Constable & Co. 12s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN ROME. By Eugène de la Gournerie. Translated by the Hon. Lady Macdonald. London: P. Rolandi.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FROM the Clarendon Press next week will be issued *The Parallel Psalter*, being the Prayer Book version of the Psalms and a new version arranged in parallel columns, with a critical introduction and glossaries by Canon Driver. The Regius Professor explains that he has endeavoured in his translation (which is intended, in the first instance, for the use of readers not conversant with Hebrew) "to avoid a needless and unidiomatic literalism; at the same time, precision, rather than literary excellence, has been his primary aim."

MR. JOHN LANE announces for publication at an early date Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge's volume of poems, mainly lyrical. Mr. Coleridge's name will be remembered in connexion with the collected edition of his grandfather's letters, which Mr. William Heinemann issued in 1895, also with the volume of selections from Coleridge's notebooks, entitled *Anima Poetae*. Mr. Murray's new edition of Lord Byron's Poetical Works, the first volume of which appeared in April last, at present claims Mr. Coleridge's attention.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish on Monday a translation by Mr. D. N. Smith of M. Brunetière's *Essays in French Literature*; also a new novel by Mr. W. S. Maugham, author of *Liza of Lambeth*, called *The Making of a Saint*.

THE article on "Mr. Gladstone as Seen from Near at Hand," by the Dean of Lincoln—in the July number of *Good Words*—will be followed by a Communion hymn by Mr. Gladstone, of which only two verses have appeared in print. The hymn has been placed at the Editor's disposal by the kindness of Mrs. Gladstone, who specially desires that "its first appearance in entire and original form should be in the magazine which first published his 'Impregnable Rock.'

The Place Names of the Liverpool District, by Mr. Henry Harrison, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will give the history and meaning of the local river names of South-West Lancashire and of the peninsula of Wirral.

THE July number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* will contain the first of a series of articles by Mr. Clark Russell on "The Ship: Her Story," tracing the evolution of the modern man-of-war and ocean liner from their beginnings in the "dug-out" of the prehistoric savage. Mr. Seppings Wright will supply the illustrations.

Good Will, edited on Christian Socialist lines by the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley, will in future be published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner & Co.

MESSRS. W. THACKER & CO. have in preparation an édition de luxe of Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*.

THE July number of *The Humanitarian* will contain an article on "The Human Character" by Prof. Paul Mantegazza, the well-known Italian Sociologist. The magazine will in future be published by Messrs. Duckworth.

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